MEMORIALS OF A YORKSHIRE PARISH

J. S. FLETCHER

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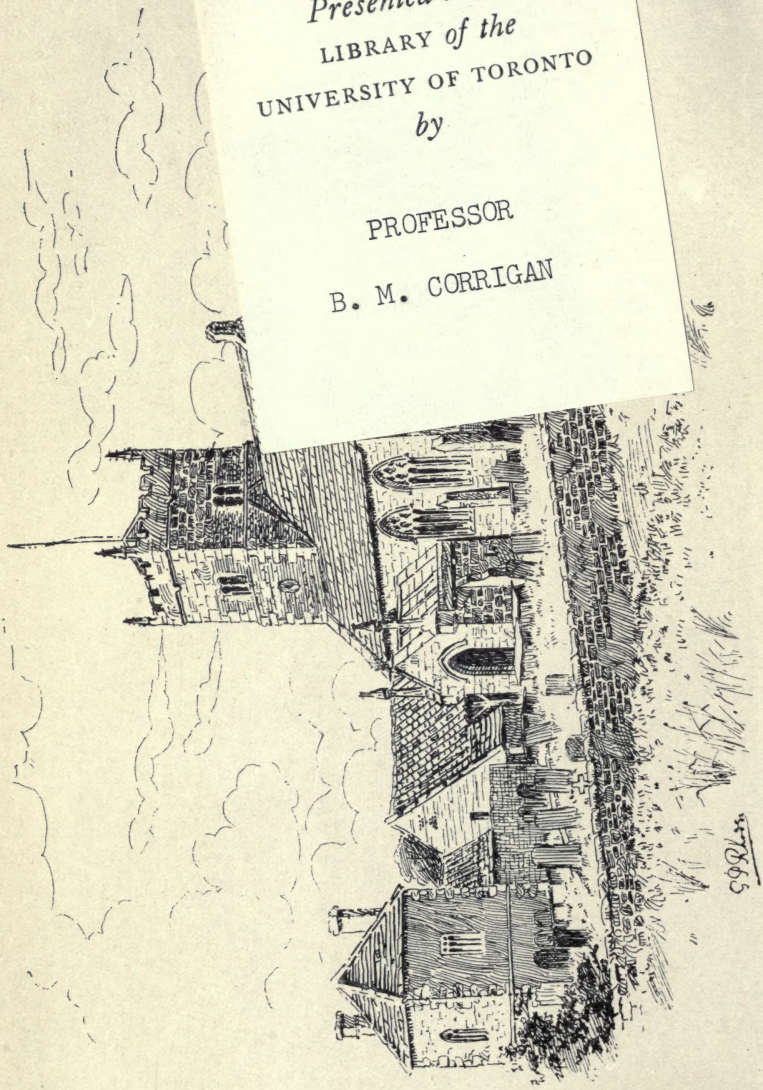

DARRINGTON CHURCH

MEMORIALS OF A YORKSHIRE PARISH

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AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PARISH OF DARRINGTON

BY J. S. FLETCHER

WITH THIRTEEN DRAWINGS BY G. P. RHODES

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TO

THE MEMORY OF MY SON

WILFRID JOHN LIDDON FLETCHER

WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY

NEAR GHELUVELT IN FLANDERS

OCTOBER 29TH, 1914

PREFACE

I HAVE endeavoured in the following pages to write what, in the nature of things, cannot claim to be more than a sketch, roughly drawn, of the history of the parish in which I lived as a boy and for which I retain a warm affection. I hope it may give some pleasure to the folk who live in Darrington nowadays, and that if it does nothing else it will stir up young people to take an interest in the past of their village. Some one of them, perhaps, may be sufficiently stirred to find out more about that past than I have been able to find, and to give his fellow-villagers a better and more complete account of Darrington than I have here given.

I am under great and grateful indebtedness to the invaluable publications of the Yorkshire Archæological Society, the Yorkshire Parish Register Society, the Thoresby Society, and the Surtees Society; to the various works of the late Mr. Richard Holmes of Pontefract, one of the most learned and painstaking antiquarian writers of his time, for whose labours his fellow-Yorkshiremen of like tastes feel a deepening and growing admiration and respect; to the published papers and memoranda of the late Mr. T. W. Tew of Carleton, another enthusiastic searcher into the past; and to the present Vicar of Darrington, the Reverend Canon Atkinson, and the Reverend Francis Wrangham, Rector of Hardenhuish, Wiltshire, for much kind help and suggestion. And I am particularly indebted to Mr. James Singleton of

Leeds, who has carefully copied for me many ancient documents, and has further added to the debt of obligation I owe him by making the Index to this book.

J. S. F.

THE CROSSWAYS,
HAMBROOK, CHICHESTER,
November, 1916.

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INTRODUCTION

THE parish of Darrington lies in the centre of the Wapentake of Osgoldcross, one of the ancient divisions of the south-east portion of the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is three miles from Pontefract, twelve from Doncaster, twenty-four from York. It is intersected, during its entire length from north to south, by the Great North Road, which here forms a dividing line between its two principal manors of Darrington and Stapleton. Both these townships are within the ecclesiastical parish ; so, too, is the village of Wentbridge ; so, also, are the outlying hamlets of Grove and Cridling. In extent the parish is one of the largest in the county ; its history can be traced from the time of Edward the Confessor ; it has never known any other industry than that of agriculture ; it is the only place of its name in England.

The immediate surroundings of this parish are full of historical and romantic interest. Its market town, Pontefract, is, as Dean Swift said long ago, in all our histories. On the boundary of Wentbridge, at Barnsdale, are the last stretches of the great Forest of Sherwood, the Bruneswald of Hereward the Wake, the haunt of Robin Hood. At Ferrybridge, on the northern boundary of the parish, William the Conqueror rested for many weary days, seeking a passage, York-wards, over the swollen Aire, then in flood, and spending his enforced leisure in studying the strategic possibilities of the frowning promontory on which his henchman, Ilbert de Lacy, was soon to build Pontefract Castle.

Six hundred years later, that grim Norman fortress was the last place in England to hold out for the Stuart cause; during its first siege Fairfax quartered himself at Carleton, on the Darrington boundary; Cromwell himself stayed at Knottingley, two miles away, during the second siege, before he handed the conduct of affairs over to Lambert and went off to London, to assist in bringing Charles the First to the scaffold. A short distance along the Great North Road lie the meadows of Towton, scene of the fiercest battle ever fought between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians; a few miles to the west is Wakefield, famous, too, for its association with the Wars of the Roses. These are matters of accepted history; there may be some truth in the suggestion that Wentbridge was the scene of the battle of Winwæd, which saw the death of Penda and the triumph of Oswy. But in this stretch of English land the evidences and memorials of antiquity are many, and on all sides. The remains of Saxon and Norman architecture are in almost every hamlet. Many of the village churches are remarkable in a county which is world-famous for the size and beauty of its ecclesiastical monuments. Scarcely a yard of highway, an acre of land, is there hereabouts which is not associated with the great deeds and outstanding figures of the past. Through this parish of Darrington rode many an English king, from the great Norman usurper to the fallen Stuart. Across its northern boundary, over the Great North Road, rode Wolsey to his Archbishopric of York, perchance turning aside, as was his wont on that journey, to visit the sick folk and confirm the children; across it he passed again, not many weeks afterwards, fallen for the last time. Down the Great North Road itself swept the eager forces of the Pilgrimage of Grace, the banner of the Five Wounds of Christ in their midst, resolute in their fervour for the bringing back of the old religion: along it, too, during the time of the Great Rebellion, streamed the

men who carried the old pikes, or essayed the new muskets, on one or other of the sides which we know under the party titles of Roundhead and Cavalier.

But there is another side to the romance which historical association throws over the records of this essentially rural parish. Along its wide road went kings and statesmen, soldiers and priests, merchants and pilgrims, in the old days; along that road, too, in a later period, were seen rolling sedately, or lurking furtively, two features of English life which are almost as much things of the past as the knight and his squire—the stage-coach and the highwayman. Until recently there were living in the parish of Darrington old men and women who could remember the time when from forty to sixty coaches passed the Crown Inn, going north or south, within the daylight hours—to say nothing of post-chaises and private carriages. The posting-stage of this stretch was Doncaster—Ferrybridge; in Ferrybridge to this day stand the old coaching inns, great rambling places now transformed into smaller houses and tenements, their vast stables fallen to rack and ruin. Within the memory of middle-aged people, the last of the postboys lived in Ferrybridge—an old fellow who had ridden the stage between his native village and Doncaster some wondrous number of times in fair weather or foul. There were few empty stretches of road in those days, what with the coaches, the post-chaises, the family holdall, the goods' waggons, and the great droves of Scotch cattle which were shod with iron so that their feet could last out during the long journey from beyond the Cheviots to the English Midlands and London. But some parts of the road were, from natural causes, more solitary than others, and two bits of it in the parish of Darrington were much to the liking of the gentlemen who, in the expressive phraseology of those days, devoted their talents to the High Toby. Highwaymen particularly favoured the stretch of road near Grove Hall, half-way

between Darrington and Ferrybridge, and the lonely expanse which crosses the headlands, known as Dale Fields, just above the sudden fall of highway into Wentbridge. At both these points there were no human habitations, unless it were a shepherd's thatched hut, put up in lambing-time—nothing more solitary was to be found in all the stretch of the road from York to London. Many a highway robbery was carried out in this parish—and we set them down nowadays to either Turpin or Nevinson. That both Turpin and Nevinson were much in evidence in Darrington and the neighbouring villages is true—there are records of them—and that one of them thundered through the parish on his famous ride to York is also true. But if we are to apportion things fairly, there seems to be little doubt that the deeds attributed to Turpin—so far as this neighbourhood was concerned—should really be fathered on Nevinson. Nevinson is the real hero of our piece of the highway—it was in our parish that he loved to drink a cup and take a purse ; it was just outside its borders that he and his horse executed the most wonderful of leaps ever made by horse and rider ; it was not far from us that he was arrested, and if he was not duly hanged within our confines, it was because York, like all chief centres of population, desired to keep that business to itself.

Few counties of England have more diversity of scenery and variety of natural features than Yorkshire, ranging from the wild mountainous country of the Lancashire and Westmorland borders to the dead levels of Thorne Waste—the parish of Darrington is an excellent example of the undulating lands which lie on the southern extremity of the great Vale of York. There is much diversity within its boundaries, and the differences in the scenery are sharply defined. The country rises gradually from the valley of the Aire at Ferrybridge until it forms a long wide plateau, which stretches from the eastern boundary of the parishes of Pontefract and Carleton to the western line of the parish of

Womersley. This plateau is a wide expanse of cultivated land, broken up by small coppices and plantations. From one of these, Black Clump, a landmark for many miles on the road to York, the land suddenly drops away into a long straight dip, which extends from Darrington Mill on the west to the beginnings of Womersley on the east. In this dip lies the village of Darrington, cut through by a road which leads from Pontefract, and after passing through Darrington, Stapleton, and Womersley (and bisecting the Great North Road at Darrington) winds away into the low-lying land towards Goole. On the south side of the village the land again rises gently to another plateau—a long wide-stretching expanse of good land shut in to the east by the woods of Stapleton and terminating on the west in the long high ridge called Went Hill, which stretches from Darrington Mill to Wentbridge, commands vast-spreading views of the surrounding country, and looks down on the neighbouring villages of Carleton, East Hardwick, Thorpe, Badsworth, and Ackworth. From the southern edge of this second plateau the land again falls away, this time with a surprising sharpness, into one of the most romantic, though least known, of the smaller Yorkshire dales—Brockodale. Local usage attributes this name to the badgers or brocks which used to be found in the valley, but the probable real derivation is from the Anglo-Saxon *bróc*, a rushing stream. At the western extremity of this Swiss-like glen lies Wentbridge, one of the prettiest villages in the county, through which runs the River Went, a tributary of the Don. Brockodale forms the outer boundary of the manor of Stapleton, and, therefore, of the parish of Darrington; from its southern side the land rises again to another wide-spreading tableland which terminates in the woods of Barnsdale.

The aspect of this parish is as suggestive to the student of history as it is pleasing to the lover of characteristically English scenery. If there is nothing wild, grand, or romantic

in the strict sense of the word, there is abundance of that scenery which is eminently English—upland, lowland, rich meadow, cultivated field, wood, coppice, orchard, garden. The man who can read a landscape as some men read faces, knows that he is here face to face with one of those English villages which have been under the careful cultivation of man for far more than a thousand years. Whether, in some far-off age, this parish was part of some wild waste of forest-land, with here and there a clearing, is a question impossible of definite answer : what is definite is that, from such times as we can obtain some record of, it has been what it still is—a farming village. Anywhere within its wide boundaries there are no traces of ancient woods. There is not a tree in any of its hamlets which is of a remarkable age. Such oaks as it can show are neither great in size nor old in years—as oaks go. It is rich in beech, chestnut, and elm—but the beeches are infants when compared with those of Burnham, and the elms youthful in contrast with such specimens of antiquity as one finds by the score in Suffolk and Essex. Such woods as there are have all been planted since the time of the Stuarts—if there is one arboreal remnant of antiquity in the village it is a cedar in the grounds of Darrington Hall. And all this goes to prove that here from time immemorial man has made the land his servant. There was a village here, and a church, and a mill, and human labour busy, long before the Norman came : men had been here, indeed, for generations before the Roman came. Countless successions of Darrington men tilled the soil, did what they could to refresh the soil, so assiduously cultivated, cut the wood, set new wood in the earth—but always they made the earth their servant. Here, then, as in many an English parish, the evidences of antiquity are not in the old trees, but in the living men. There are men living in this parish to-day who, if they cared to take the trouble and had the necessary craft to do it, could trace their pedigree, with-

out one single break, back to the beginnings of their parish register. They follow the plough, common labourers, as their ancestors were four hundred years ago, and have been ever since, and as the ancestors of their ancestors were long before any register came to be. In the lives of such men, and of the grey stones amongst which they and their fathers have had their day, lies the true history of England and the English.

MEMORIALS OF A YORKSHIRE PARISH

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I

THE BEGINNINGS

AT Barnsdale Bar, some three miles from the southern boundary of the parish of Darrington, there runs alongside the Great North Road a raised and regularly shaped mass of stone and earth which looks like a hundred yards of railway embankment on which grass and weeds have been allowed to grow. It may be that most men who see it do not know what it is: those who do, recognize it for a piece of the old Roman road which connected Danum (Doncaster) with Legiolum (Castleford). There are other bits of it between Barnsdale and Doncaster, but none so plain as this, where it reached the highest point of this part of Yorkshire. One may imagine its makers arriving at this high point in the forest after following a primitive track which here bifurcated. Thence they would look northward over a vast rolling country, the middle of Yorkshire before them, the long low lines of the Wolds on their right, the hills above the Calder to their left. But it needs no imagination to decide why their makers took the left-hand, or western, fork of that primitive track, instead of the right hand, or eastern. It was always the Roman policy to make for any given point

by the straightest line, and the Roman objective here was the lead mines of Nidderdale. And so what is called the old Roman road to the heart of Yorkshire was made at first not through Darrington and Tadcaster direct to York, but by Castleford and Aberford to Wetherby, whence there was easy access to the Nidderdale lead, of which a Roman stamped ingot, smelted about A.D. 87, may be seen in the British Museum by whoever cares to look at it.

But if those Roman pioneers, intent on commerce, had taken the eastern track through the edge of the great forest, and had come upon what is now the parish of Darrington, what would they have found there ? A community already established, small in numbers, but brave and resolute —people of Celtic origin, closely allied to the Irish, of a certain amount of civilization, gifted with imagination, knowing something of music and poetry, skilled in an elementary way in the working of the metals, and of some proficiency in tilling the soil. Such small communities were all over the land. How they were governed, what their religion was, what their communal laws were, we do not know—what we do know is that they appear to have lived together on something like a co-operative system, and to have cultivated the land by the method of strip-farming. Into their midst came the Roman influence, the Roman ways. Roads took the place of tracks, towns sprang up where hamlets had stood, the corn-growing area was extended, wastes were brought under the primitive plough. When the Romans withdrew from Britain, after four centuries of occupancy, most of the land was under cultivation, and the people who lived on it were generally prosperous and often well-to-do.

With the Romans came Christianity, and as there were Christian churches in York itself, and in some of the adjacent places, there is no wild conjecture in surmising that there may have been a Christian Church in Darrington as far back

as the third century. But what happened in the sixth century effectually destroyed all trace of what had gone before. The English arrived. Many strange strains went to the making of them. They were Saxons and Angles and Jutes and Frisians, with not a little Asiatic and barbarian blood in them—wild, lawless, fierce men, whose only law was their own will, their own need. As they swept across the land from the east coast they drove the Celts before them—by the end of the sixth century there was probably no Celt left in Darrington, save as the slave of the new-comers. But the Celts left behind them one memorial which has existed to this day in the name of the only river which the parish possesses—the Went, for that is clearly derived from the Celtic.

It was under the rule of its new masters, whom history groups together as Anglo-Saxons, that Darrington and Stapleton got the beginnings of their present names. The *tun* was the original enclosure of the settler—the patch of land round which a hedge was planted, or which was fenced in against others by a rude palisading. It was at first a single homestead, farm, croft, kept and defended by its owner. But by degrees it was applied as a general term to a collection of such enclosures; it became what later generations called a town. The termination of our parish name, then, is easily accounted for; it is the *tun* of the Anglo-Saxon time. But what is Darring and what is Staple? *Ing* was the Anglo-Saxon patronymic; the sur-name. When it is appended to a prefix it signifies (with that prefix) a family settlement, the parent, the original settlement; when the suffix *tun* is applied to it and its prefix, a filial colony, sent out from the parent settlement, is implied. Darrington, then, is the town of a branch of some Anglo-Saxon family of Darring, or Durring, or Darding. Stapleton is not so easily accounted for; it may not have been so called when its sister-manor was

first called Darrington, its exact name came later. Mr. H. E. Chetwynd-Stapylton, in a letter written to the *Yorkshire Archæological Journal* some years ago, advanced the theory that although the name of Stapleton is at least as old as the time of the Domesday Survey, there is no evidence that the name was in existence in Saxon times, and suggested that it was brought to the place by a colony of Stapletons, or Stapeltons, who migrated to this part of Yorkshire from the banks of the Tees as late as 1072. But it is hardly likely that any Saxon name which the place had up to 1072 should not have been mentioned in a document written, as *Domesday Book* was, in 1085. Stapleton, in all probability, had been so called for some centuries. Its name may have arisen from some of its first holders, Stapels, or Stepels, or it may have come from the Anglo-Saxon *Stapol*, a pillar, or post, of wood or stone, set up to mark the site of an ancient market. There are several Stapletons in England; there are more Staplefords. In the last-named case the origin of the name is obvious—the post marking the place of the ford across the river. Not one of these Stapletons or Staplefords has ever been a market-town, but the Stapletons may have been convenient centres for the exchange of goods, without possession of a market charter. But it is certain that by the time *Domesday Book* was compiled both these manors had acquired definite names, which there appear in good Latin.

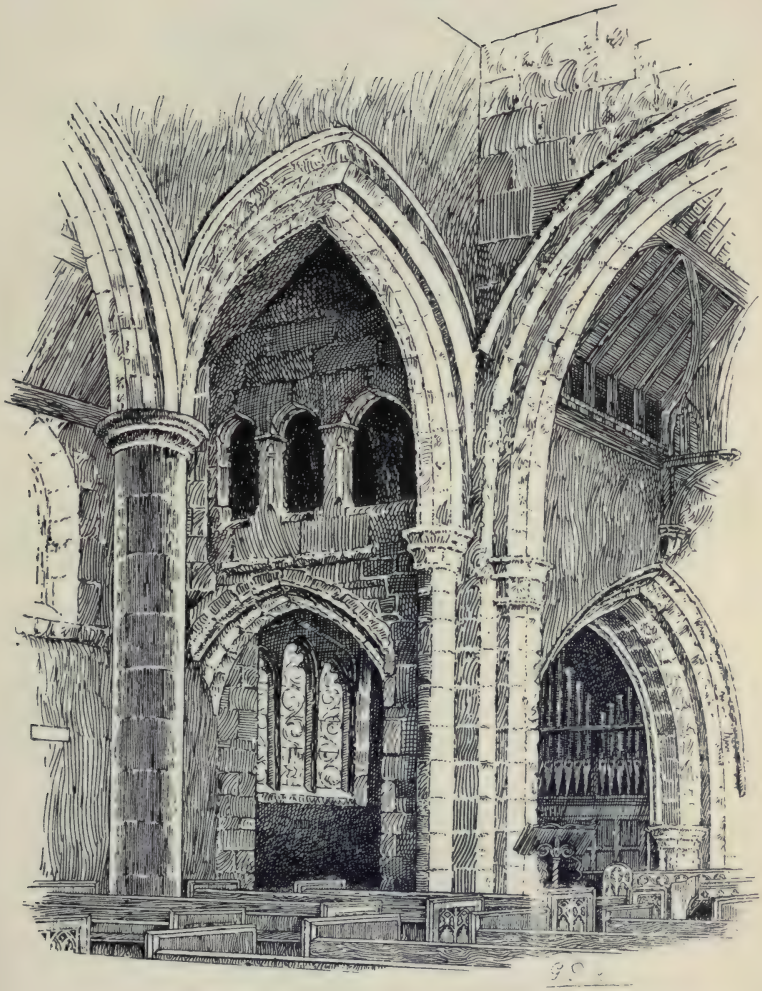
But for some centuries before *Domesday Book* Darrington had been living its life as an Anglo-Saxon village community, and it probably lived that life, little troubled by the Danish incursions, being well out of the way of them, until the time of Edward the Confessor. We can reconstruct that life. During the seventh century, Christianity came to it. It may have been in it during the time of the Roman settlement of Yorkshire; if it was, it was certainly driven out when the Anglo-Saxons came, for they were worshippers of Odin and

Thor, pagans. Who brought Christianity to it, in the seventh century, is a debatable question. It may have been Christianized, like many another district of the North, by Celtic missionaries from Ireland. But it is much more probable that this part of Yorkshire got its Christianity from Roman missionaries like Paulinus, who is known to have made and baptized converts by thousands all along the neighbouring valley of the Calder. And when it became Christianized, it would have a church, and a priest ; and the priest, by virtue of his office, would be a free man, and the scene of his ministrations, humble enough in the beginning, was doubtless a rude edifice built on the very site of the discarded heathen temple in which blood sacrifice had been offered to the old Norse gods.

This church, however small and rude, would be one centre of the village—the other would be the hall of the estate-holder. Clustered about it would be the houses of the farmers, and the cots of those of lower degree. The farmers were *ceorls*, peasants, or *thegns*—men sworn to military service ; the lesser folk were cotters, small holders ; some of them were slaves, descendants of the dispossessed Celts. These lower folk, too, were liable to military service, if need arose. But the occupations of the community were mainly peaceful, and when peaceful, entirely agricultural. They grew wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans, peas, in unhedged fields which were divided into strips, so many strips being apportioned to a family. On a common stretch of land in the centre of the village the people fed their fowls, their ducks, their geese ; into the woods which lay outside they drove their swine to feed on mast and acorns. They managed the affairs of the place through the Moot, or village meeting, which was held in the church, or on some convenient eminence known as the Moot Hill, or beneath some ancient oak or elm, which, in consequence, was called the Moot-Tree. All questions of farming were settled by the Moot ; the Moot,

too, appointed the parish officials—the Reeve, who was a sort of Mayor ; the Hayward, who managed land matters ; the Meadsman, who had charge of the meadow-land ; the Woodreve, who saw to the woods ; the ploughmen, the oxherds, the beeherds, the swineherds, and the shepherds. If there was need to approach other neighbouring village communities, the Moot appointed the priest of the church and two or more townsmen of good standing, to act as a deputation. By the Moot all provision of taxes was made, and all monetary questions settled between the community and the estate-holder. It was, in short, a village parliament, with plenary powers over all within the village boundaries.

Such was the Anglo-Saxon village community during the greater part of the centuries which followed the invasion of Britain by the mixed multitude whom we call the English. But by the time of Edward the Confessor the conditions of village life had changed—in some places a great deal ; in others, little. Where they had changed greatly it was where the estate owners had waxed strong and powerful, and had attained something of the lordship of those who were, unknown to themselves, to succeed them. Such men had in their villages a hall of residence, a farm within their grounds, and barns and granaries for the storing of produce, which produce came to them often as tribute or tax. Also, two different classes of farmers had sprung up. There were the farmers of the better sort, commonly called *socmen*, who held a goodly share of the arable land, and another share in the common land : such men usually rendered military service to their overlord, and they were free men. Then there were the farmers of the peasant class, who were still serfs in the sense that they were bound to work for their superior : they probably worked for him two days a week, and they paid tribute to him in kind. Beneath these classes were cotters, who held a few acres in the common land, and were bound to work for the overlord most of their time. And there were



INTERIOR DARRINGTON CHURCH

still slaves, though they were comparatively few in number, All these people joined in supporting the priest of the church, either by tithes paid directly to himself, or to the bishop of the diocese ; he also benefited by the produce raised from certain duly apportioned acres in the common land. And already the churches had begun to be endowed by the piety of landowners who devised portions of their estates to them.

Nearly a thousand years have gone since they were dispossessed of their lands by the Norman invaders, but we know who were the last English owners of Darrington and Stapleton. Darrington was held by two men, Baret and Alsi : it was in their time the largest and most prosperous place in the neighbourhood, and its taxable value was £8. There were two holders of Stapleton ; the Baret of Darington was one of them ; Ulchil was the other ; the value of that manor was just half that of Darrington. In Stapleton there were five ploughs in use ; in Darrington eight. At Darrington there was a church and a priest, and a mill which was of the taxable value of 3s. That record of the mill is of more interest than would appear at first sight ; it shows that a thousand years ago, windmills, ever since then a great feature of this country, were in use. For this was certainly a windmill—the forerunner of the mill at the northern end of Went Hill ; there has never been any water-force in Darrington by which a mill could be driven. Whether the mill belonged to Baret or to Alsi does not appear. But there is ground for supposing that Baret was the great man of the place. Baret held land in all that neighbourhood. He is recorded as holding land at Stapleton, Smeaton, Knottingley, Beal, Roall, and Kellington. Moreover, one hears of him after the Norman Conquest, for he is returned as being sub-feudatory of some of the lands which he had previously possessed—at Kellington, Roall, and Beal—which means that having been turned out as landlord, he was admitted as tenant. But we hear no more

of him in connection with either Darrington or Stapleton. Of the other two Englishmen, Alsi and Ulchil, we hear no more either. Just as the Anglo-Saxons had driven out the old Celts, so the Normans drove out the old English—usually with scant mercy. Alsi and Ulchil may have wandered away, homeless and penniless, into the neighbouring Bruneswald, to join Hereward and his band of refugees from Ely and the Fens, or they may have accepted the Norman rule and become nonentities—whatever their fate, we hear no more of them in connection with the lands which once were theirs.

II

THE NORMAN SETTLEMENT

THE Norman Conqueror, after the decisive victory over the last of the English kings at Senlac, lost little time in effecting the settlement of his new possessions on definite lines. He began with a drastic measure. The titles to have and hold land of the old Anglo-Saxon owners, of whatever degree, layman or cleric, were summarily cancelled—the whole country, from Land's End to the scarcely known Northern regions, was declared to be the new king's, by right of conquest. William at once proceeded to parcel it out. He made grants of immense tracts of country to those of his followers who were in his own personal suite, and to the Norman clerics who had followed him to England. He apportioned smaller tracts to his men of lesser degree—every Norman had some share in the spoil. But there were Anglo-Saxons who made the best of the matter, and took the oath of allegiance to the Conqueror—they were granted their old estates, or, as in the case of Baret of Darrington, permitted to lease them as sub-feudatories from the new owners. With the new order of things came the new conditions of tenure. Feudalism sprang into existence at a word from the masterful Norman. There was to be no land without its lord : no lord who was not under direct obligation to his king. That regulation settled the relations between William and those to whom he gave the land ; but there was one other which affected the new landlords in their relations with those who were already

on the land. William, the shrewdest man of his day, knew that no king is secure on his throne if there is discontent in his kingdom—and so the royal edict went forth that no man was to be disturbed, no new things were to be done. The farmers and the peasants were to continue as before ; all that had happened to them was that they had new masters in place of the old ones.

But in this, William's common sense for once failed him. The new landlords were for the most part Normans ; the folk on the land were English—compounded of many strains, with Anglo-Saxon and Danish blood, and its consequent love of independence, strong in them. The Normans did not understand the English, nor the English the Normans. And almost at once the discontent which William had earnestly desired to avoid, flamed out in open rebellion in different parts of his new realm. The men of the North, always sturdy in their likes and dislikes, rose three times : it was finally to suppress the third and most important of their risings that William himself came North in the last months of 1069. The Danes were in league with the English rebels, and in great force on the banks of the Humber and Ouse. William—whose army must needs have passed, hot-foot, through Darrington—reached Ferrybridge to find the Aire in flood, and Brotherton Marsh a vast waste of water. He lay there for three weeks, spending some of his time in examining the strategic possibilities of the remarkable rock-like promontory which projected from the eastern side of the little town of Tateshale (Pontefract) into the land about the Aire. No man who ever lived had a keener eye for advantageous military sites than William the Conqueror, and when he came a little later to apportion the Northern lands, he gave that promontory to Ilbert de Lacy, one of his chief lieutenants, and with it the strict command to raise on it the fortress which became and remained the strongest castle of Northern England until its dismantlement in 1649.

But before Ilbert de Lacy laid the first stones of Pontefract Castle, and entered into possession of the lands which his master gave him in such quantity, much that was dreadful happened in this part of England. William, after that eventful three weeks of waiting at Ferrybridge, crossed the Aire at last, and marched on York. The Danes had fled to their ships when he arrived there. He detached a part of his army to cover their movements; with the rest he began his work of vengeance on the North. A terrible example must be made—Yorkshire, as the worst offender, must suffer worst. So began that awful punishment known to England as the Harrying of the North. What its effect was we may learn from the old chroniclers. William of Malmesbury, writing of it thirty years later, says that in his day the soil was still bare. Townships, farmsteads, cottages were burnt or razed to the ground. Famine was everywhere. One old writer says that men ate each other's flesh. Even the animals were driven into the flames to perish with the crops and the dead stock. The land, up to that time so smiling and prosperous, became the abode of desolation.

Did Darrington escape this terrible manifestation of the new Norman power? It is more than probable that it did. William's order of vengeance was explicit. The land was to be laid waste from Humber to Tyne. Now Darrington is south of the line of the Humber: moreover, Darrington was already included in the grant of land which had been made to Ilbert de Lacy, who was undoubtedly one of the Conqueror's favourites. There is no record that it escaped, but we do know that the neighbouring townships of Elmsall and Conisborough were spared. The line between spared and unspared probably ran along that of the Calder, as pursuing the line of the Humber. Moreover, while so many hundreds of Yorkshire manors are set down in *Domesday Book* as *waste*, those of Darrington and Stapleton are returned as of a value which, if not as great as in the time of

Edward the Confessor, is still non-accordant with the supposition that they had been devastated. There is strong presumption, then, that when the harrying of the Northern lands began, these manors, being somewhat out of the condemned area, and the property of Ilbert de Lacy, were exempted.

It is from the returns known as *Domesday Book* that we gain such news of Darrington and Stapleton at that period as can now be recovered. *Domesday Book* is a record of a survey made by the commissioners of William the Conqueror during the years 1085–1086—twenty years after his victory over Harold at Senlac. It consists of two volumes different in size. The larger contains 382 leaves of parchment, with five old fly-leaves at the beginning and four at the end of the volume. The smaller contains 450 leaves of vellum. Black and red ink are used in the writing ; the penmanship in the larger volume is very clear and of fine workmanship ; in the smaller it is of a coarser character. There are evidences that the various sheets were written in various counties, by many different hands, before being gathered together, which gathering probably took place at Winchester, then the capital of England. The date is fixed in the colophon at the end of the second volume, which records, in Latin, that " In the one thousand and eighty-sixth year from our Lord's Incarnation, but the twentieth of the reign of King William, this description was made." The duties of the commissioners appointed to make the description of the recently conquered kingdom were clearly defined to them. They were to inquire the name of each manor, who held it in the time of Edward the Confessor, and who was its present possessor. They were to ascertain how many hides of land were there, how many ploughs, how many homagers (feudatory tenants), villeins (serfs), cottars (inferior tenants), free tenants, and socmen (inferior landowners) : they were also to report how much wood, meadow, and pasture there

was ; how many mills and fishponds were in the place, and if anything had been taken from it, or added to it, of late years. They were to ascertain what its gross value had been in the time of Edward the Confessor, and what its present value was : finally, they were to report how much land each freeman or socman had, and if any advance could be made in the value.

From the entries in *Domesday Book* which refer to them we know what the economic values of the manors of Darrington and Stapleton were in 1086, when the Norman rule had been in existence twenty years. We have already learned what the value and condition of these manors was under their Saxon holders, Baret, Alsi, and Ulchil. By 1086 the value had fallen : Darrington from £8 to 100 shillings ; Stapleton from £4 to £3. In Darrington the commissioners found sixteen villeins, six bordars (cottagers), and twelve ploughs, with three carucates of land—a carucate being, roughly speaking, the area of land which one plough could turn in a year. In Stapleton they found two-and-a-half carucates, four villeins, twelve bordars, four ploughs, and an acre of meadow. And of each manor they report that it is now held by Ilbert de Lacy.

III

THE DE LACY OWNERSHIP

WE know little of the old English owners of Yorkshire land, but of the new Norman owners history tells us a good deal. It was to those in the immediate service of the Conqueror that the chief spoils of his victory fell. Yorkshire passed, almost in entirety, into the hands of the great Norman barons who had come in William's train, or to men like Waltheof, who came of the old royal stock, but threw in their lot with the new order of things. To Waltheof himself, of the ancient house of Siward of Northumbria, was given all the land about Sheffield and Hallamshire ; he held it but a few years, fell into disfavour, was dispossessed, and saw it given to the Norman de Busli. Earl Warrene got the land north of Sheffield, with Conisborough and Sandal, Thorne and Hatfield. The Romilles got Skipton, with vast tracts of land in Craven and Upper Airedale. More Craven lands, with properties in Ribblesdale, and large estates at Topcliffe, Wressell, Spofforth, and Leconfield were bestowed on the Percies. The Estotvilles got Knaresborough, Kirby Moorside, and Cottingham. The lordship of Holderness, after a brief tenancy by Drogo de Beurere, was taken from him and given to William's brother-in-law, Odo d'Aumale, with more land in Lincolnshire, Holderness being considered but a poverty-stricken place to give to anybody. The wide stretch of land which we know as the Vale of Mowbray took its name in the first instance from Robert de Mowbray,

nephew of Gosfrid of Coutance, one of the Norman bishops who followed William, to whom it was first given, and who possibly ordered the building of the castles at Thirsk, Kirkby Malzeard, and Slingsby, in which the Mowbray state was kept up for many generations. Wensleydale, either during William's time or very soon afterwards, came into possession of the Scropes; Ravensworth and Cotherstone, with other lands alongside Tees, into that of the Fitz-Hughs; along other parts of the Tees, land was held by the Baliols, the Nevilles, the Bruces. Yvo de Vesci got Malton; a Fossard got Mulgrave and the adjacent sea-coast. Pickering and its vale, in which in time rose several strongly fortified places and small castles, William kept for himself—all that part of Yorkshire remained Crown land for two hundred years, when it became merged in the Duchy of Lancaster. But to two of his chief adherents William made grants beside which the remainder seemed comparatively insignificant. To Alan of Bretagne, whom the Normans called Alain, and his fellow-Bretons, Fergall the Red-Haired, he gave the wild and romantic stretch of country which is intersected by the River Swale. There, near its principal manor of Gilling, Alan built a great castle on a promontory-like hill at the foot of which ran the Swale, and was precipitous on all sides save one, where it was joined to the land by a narrow neck. To this castle he gave the French name which has since been transformed into our familiar Richmond. A similar change in name, a similar work in construction, was made by the other chief recipient of Northern lands, Ilbert de Lacy. Amongst his new possessions was the town and manor of what had been called until then Tateshale; there he began the building of the great stronghold which ere long came to be known as Pontefract Castle.

There is little to be learnt from history of Ilbert de Lacy himself. But it is certain that he was one of the Conqueror's chief captains, and that he conducted widespreading and

important military operations in Lancashire and Yorkshire. The grant of land which William made to him extended from Lancashire over the Yorkshire border, along much of the valley of the River Aire, into Lincolnshire. In addition to the great stronghold at Pontefract he or his immediate successors built less important fortresses at Barwick, near Leeds, in the Forest of Elmete, and at Almondbury, near Huddersfield. Whether he ever visited his manors of Darrington and Stapleton we may well doubt; near as they were to Pontefract, they were but two patches of land amongst scores of similar possessions. There are but few records of the connection between the de Lacy lords and Darrington, but it was during their sway that the old Saxon church was enlarged by the addition of the north and south aisles: we may judge from this that under them the population developed. Like all Norman barons, the de Lacys were good patrons to the Church. Robert de Lacy gave land for the Cluniac Priory at Pontefract, and he ranks as the formal founder of the Augustinian Priory of Nostell, where, previous to the Conquest, a body of hermits, having a house and church, had existed. During the de Lacy lordship the already existing churches at Pontefract, Ackworth, Ledsham, Smeaton, Womersley, Badsworth, Featherstone, Castleford, and Fryston were added to and repaired. probably about the same time that Darrington church was enlarged. It was also about this time that the churches of Birkin, Campsall, Owston, and Knottingley were built—it was the age of much activity in church building and repair. The particular de Lacy who was the principal instrument in these good works was probably Henry, who about 1147, in satisfaction of a vow which he had made during sickness, founded at Barnoldswick in Craven the Cistercian house which six years later was transferred to Kirkstall, there to become one of the most prosperous and powerful of English abbeys.

There is nothing to show that any de Lacy ever resided in the manor-house of Darrington. In that, during the de Lacy rule, the lord's bailiff doubtless lived. The only probable connection between the de Lacys and their Darrington manor was in the matter of receiving their dues from it. With their manor of Stapleton they had still less direct connection. At the time of the Domesday survey Ilbert de Lacy had already leased Stapleton to one Gilbert, son of Dama, who may have been a Saxon. No surname is appended to Gilbert in *Domesday Book*, but his son was known as Hugh de Stapleton, and there a family of that name arose which appears to have bought Stapleton outright from its Norman owners. About the end of the thirteenth century this family died out in the male line, and the sole representative, Clara de Stapleton, married Warren de Scargill, who thus became possessed of the estate. The de Lacy family became similarly extinct; its lands, too, passed by marriage. In the year 1400 Darrington was in possession of Sir William Fitz William, who was eighth in descent from his ancestress, Albreda de Lacy, wife of Robert de Lissours, and last of her race.

IV

DARRINGTON IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

THE labours of the historian, the archæologist, and the antiquary enable us of this age to form something very like an accurate idea of what life would be in Darrington during the time in which the de Lacys were its overlords. Without resorting to imagination, we can make for ourselves a picture of the village as it was at that period, we can tell how it was arranged, what its houses were like, what the people did, what food they ate, how they were clothed, how they amused themselves: we can see them in their daily life, in their religious observances, in their general relation to the world outside.

And to begin with, the Darrington of the thirteenth century—say the very end of that century, when its ancient, Saxon church had been restored and much altered, and its first recorded vicar (Henry de Stanford) had come into residence—was vastly unlike the village which we see to-day. It is now, like many Yorkshire villages of its type, a long straggling place, its houses, farmsteads, and cottages set on either side of one main street. In those days it was a comparatively small place, clustered as closely as possible to its centre—the church. In all probability all the houses, whether farmsteads or cottages, lay within three hundred yards of the church—all on the south side. From the boundary of Carleton to Mr. Taylor's farm there was probably no single house—nothing at all in the shape of

building save the primitive windmill, set on the ridge to catch the winds. On the other side, there was probably no house of any sort nearer than Stapleton. There were no dwellings about the Cross Roads ; there was no inn where the Crown now stands ; there was no Hall in its walled grounds and gardens. There was indeed no Hall at all, as we understand the word ; no great mansion such as great folk live in. What, then, was there ? Where the old vicarage now stands, and on the plots of land to the west of it, there was the manor-house, with its barns, its granaries, its stables, its sheds, its garden, its orchard. Behind, there was the newly restored church—even then a primitive enough edifice. Round about manor-house and church were the houses of the better sort of peasants : in and about them were the cots of the lower sort. In the midst of these buildings, probably on the site of the field which lies on the left—the west—side of the narrow lane leading up to the school, was a common piece, or village green, which possibly extended across to the orchard which is now on the other side of the main street. At some—possibly at more than one—corner of this green there would be a well or wells ; on the green itself children, ducks, fowls, geese strayed as they liked. All around manor-house, church, houses, and cots rose elm, beech, and chestnut ; outside this natural fortification lay the land, unenclosed as yet, hedgeless, therefore, and fenceless, and still cultivated in strips. Beyond it, beyond the moorland which had not yet been turned by the plough, were the woods,—dark, gloomy, forbidding to folk who had no learning and many superstitions, and into which, accordingly, none but the woodman and the pigherd ever cared to penetrate.

Though the manor-house was in no sense what we should call a Hall, it was little more than a hall, in the strict sense of the word, in those days. It was a right-angled building, open right up to the high pitch of its roof, partly built of

wood, partly of stone, and its roof was either of straw-thatch or of wood shingles nailed to the rafters. Its windows were high in the walls, and were provided with shutters ; its one door, which opened outwards and stood open all day long, was a massive affair of oak, studded with great iron nails. Here lived the bailiff, steward, representative, of the lord of the manor. There was little privacy for him and his family. There might be a sort of raised platform at one end of the hall, and behind it a private apartment in which the members of the family kept their clothing in rude chests. On that platform and in that room the big man, his wife, and children slept—not in bedsteads, but in primitive arrangements not unlike troughs of wood. For all else—and for them, too, as regards meals—the hall itself was dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom. In its centre a slab of stone served for fireplace ; over its floor straw or rushes was strewn. There was no chimney ; the smoke went out of an opening in the roof, helped by the draughts, of which there were plenty. To keep them off the better part of the hall, curtains of tapestry were used ; with tapestry, too, the dais was ornamented : as for the rest of the place, it was usually whitewashed. Attached to the hall was a kitchen ; the boiled and baked meats—roasting had not come into fashion, except amongst epicures—were carried straight from it to the common table, at which everybody present sat according to his rank. They were all there, from the master to the pigherd, and they breakfasted at five, dined at nine, and supped at six. And where they ate, there they slept ; and there was, no doubt, keen competition in winter to get near the fire.

This was the great house of the place ; it was poor enough, but the houses of even the better-class folk, corresponding to the tenant farmers of to-day, were infinitely poorer in point of comfort ; they were, indeed, not comparable to the cabins which one may see in Galway or Connemara. Built

of wood or of wattle, over which mud had been daubed, they were thatched with straw, and the eaves were not a man's height from the ground. The windows were mere slits, with shutters, and were sometimes—not always—furnished with a screen of cloth. There was but one room : one end of it sheltered the pigs, the fowls, and the cattle ; they were shut off from the family by low hurdles. Here, as in the manor-house, the fire was made on a stone laid on the floor, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof ; here, too, the floor-covering was rushes or dried grass, and as this was seldom changed its condition was usually filthy. But poor accommodation as this was, it was much superior to that found in the cots of the lower class. These cots were mere mud-huts, roofed in with turf. In them, and in the better houses, there was little in the way of furniture ; the manor-house itself could show little in that way. There were no fixed tables ; a trestle-board was a luxury ; there were no chairs ; in the manor-house, folk sat on rough benches ; in the better-class houses, on rudely-fashioned stools ; in the cots, on stones or billets of wood. All alike were badly off for the ordinary articles of domestic use. A few pans, wooden bowls, horn spoons, home-made baskets and brooms—these were considered sufficient equipment for house-keeping. But every man had his knife—as for the women and children, they tore their food with their fingers.

In the matter of food they were not at all badly off. They made white bread ; they made another bread of a mixture of barley and rye, with a little wheat flour added. They had plenty of vegetables : outside every house and every cot was an enclosure in which they grew cabbages, onions, beans, peas, leeks ; they had orchards in which they cultivated apples, pears, cherries, plums. There was always plenty of bacon, and a sufficiency of beef ; they boiled both, and from Martinmas to near Easter their meat was salt. One does not hear that they ate mutton—sheep were not as common

as oxen, in this district at any rate—but they doubtless killed and ate their geese, their ducks, and their poultry. They kept bees—there were always bees outside every house and cottage—and they used the honey in the same fashion in which we use sugar, and also made mead from it. They brewed a sort of ale from barley, but without using hops; if any wine was drunk, it was at the top end of the table at the manor-house.

Poor as the furnishing of these thirteenth-century houses was, there were three objects always found in each—a distaff, a spindle, and a loom. For these people did their own spinning and weaving, and they made their own clothes. They were all dressed very much alike. The men wore tunics or smocks, fashioned simply of coarse linen and girdled at the waist by a cincture of cloth, a length of rope, or a strip of leather; beneath this were hosen or tight-fitting breeches which came down nearly to the ankle. The women wore a closely-fitting undergarment with long sleeves, and a loose short-sleeved gown above it; men and women alike usually went barefoot. They went barehead, too; head-gear was only for the fine folk.

Like their Celtic forerunners, like the Irish peasantry of to-day, these people lived almost entirely out of doors. The men were all day on the land; the women did what work they had to do at the open door; the children played about the gardens and the village green. Life was not as dull for any of them as it may seem to us that it would be. They had their amusements; they were chiefly associated with labour and with religion. They already kept the village feast; the end of harvest; the end of seed-time; the completion of some special work—all these gave occasion for merry-makings of the old English sort, when games which no Norman incursion could destroy were revived with vigour. But it was primarily to the Church that they turned for rest and recreation. The Church, ever the poor

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man's guardian, gave them the Sunday rest, the relief of her holy days, Christmas, Easter, the festival of the patron saint, the observance of all the greater festivals—these were blessings to folk whose lives were otherwise cast to hard and unremitting labour. And in the general discomfort of their poor surroundings, there was one place in the village which these mediæval folk turned to with a sure instinct—the church itself. Its door was ever open: its priest, little better off in this world's goods than themselves, was always at their service. If we could betake ourselves to the Darrington of that day we should find these rude and unlettered ancestors full of devotion to their Church and their faith, making their religion a part of their daily lives, letting no day pass without a visit to what they knew, with no doubting, to be a sure source of comfort.

V

THE FITZ WILLIAMS AND THE DE SCARGILLS

OF the Fitz William ownership of the Manor of Darrington we know very little—scarcely more than that the place was in the possession of a branch of this famous family from about 1400 to 1520. The records of their tenure are very few. The Sir William Fitz William who came into possession by virtue of his descent from Albreda de Lacy, about the end of the fourteenth century, was a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre and a scion of the great house which came into England with William the Conqueror from Normandy and was probably allied by blood with him; settled in Yorkshire at Sprotborough, on the Don; eventually became allied with the family of Wentworth; and are now represented by the present Earl Fitzwilliam. Of the various Fitz Williams who held Darrington for a hundred-and-twenty years' history tells us nothing. Doubtless they made some improvement in the conditions of village life. They may have begun the building of a new manor-house on the site of the present Hall. But we hear nothing of them until March 1516–17, when another William Fitz William, of Sprotborough, made his will, which was duly proved in April, 1518. He was the last male of the elder branch, and the person to whom Darrington passed by the provision of his will (a curious document in which there appears to have been something very like a cunning evasion of the then law affecting the devising of property) was one Elizabeth Soothill, the daughter of

William Fitz William's uncle-by-marriage, Thomas Soothill. This Elizabeth in due course married Sir Henry Savile of Thornhill, who in his time was Steward of the Honour of Pontefract, Steward of the Manor of Wakefield, and Sheriff of Yorkshire. Thus Darrington came into the hands of a branch of the famous and in many ways remarkable house of Savile.

We know somewhat more of the ownership of the Manor of Stapleton during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries than we do of Darrington under the Fitz Williams. It is not much more, but it is more, and what there is of it affects Darrington more than Stapleton. In Darrington Church, at the east end of the south aisle, there lies the stone effigy of a meek lady; in a niche between the chancel and the Lady Chapel is the effigy of a knight. These are undoubtedly the effigies of Clara de Stapleton, last of the descendants of that Gilbert who leased the manor from the de Lacys, and of her husband, Warren de Scargill. Who Warren de Scargill was, beyond being the husband of the Stapleton heiress, is not known—he appears to have come into these parts from the North. But by this marriage he acquired the Stapleton estates, and they remained in possession of his family until about the end of the reign of Henry VII. There is small record of any Scargill except Warren. But Warren de Scargill and Clara his wife left their mark on Darrington Church. There is some evidence that they rebuilt it—they probably added to and restored the fabric already renovated by Henry de Lacy. They furnished the tower with three bells: one of them, dedicated to St. Michael, still remains. And on the north side of the chancel they built the chantry which has been known by various names—the Stapleton Chapel, the Scargill Chantry, the Lady Chapel. Some archæologists think that they also built the north aisle of the church, and the curious gallery which terminates its east end. As to the original dedication of this chantry, there are

certain discrepancies in such records as we have. In a charter of St. John the Evangelist of Pontefract, preserved at Woolley Park, it is stated that Thurstan, Archbishop of York, dedicated the Chapel of Stapleton in honour of the Lord Saviour and of St. John the Baptist. To what chapel does this refer? For Thurstan, Archbishop of York, a Norman and a native of Bayeux, who on his election to the northern archdiocese in 1114 refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, would not be consecrated by him, and was eventually consecrated by Pope Calixtus II in Rheims Cathedral five years after his election, died in 1140, having in his last years attained considerable notoriety by his stout defence of the privileges of his Archiepiscopal See and his aiding and abetting of the monks of St. Mary's Abbey at York, who, under his protection, seceded from that house, and founded the Cistercian house of Fountains. Whatever church or chapel was consecrated, then, by Thurstan, must, naturally, have been consecrated before 1140. But there is extant a will, made by one Thomas Mansell of Cridling, in the parish of Darrington, in the year 1396, two hundred and fifty years after the death of Archbishop Thurstan, in which the testator, after the customary pious expression, leaves his body to be buried in the *new* Chappell of St. Mary Virgin, within the Church of All Saints' of Darrington—or, as it is spelled in the will, Darthington. How could that be a *new* chapel which was consecrated by Thurstan somewhere before 1140? The probability is that what the Woolley Charter refers to is a chapel which, about the beginning of the twelfth century, when the descendants of Hugh de Stapleton held Stapleton, was built at Stapleton itself, possibly on the site of another, a subsequent chapel of which we shall hear more later on, and of which there is no other record than this in this old deed of St. John the Evangelist of Pontefract. The chantry chapel at Darrington, in which the organ is now placed—or

rather, misplaced—was without doubt built by Warren de Scargill and Clara de Stapleton his wife towards the middle of the thirteenth century, and is the new chapel referred to by Thomas Mansell in his will. There is no doubt either that it was dedicated to Our Lady. Mansell refers to it as the Chapel of St. Mary Virgin. In 1505 one John Twistleton of Darrington, left his body to be buried in St. Mary Quire, on the north side of the parish church. Sixty years later, one William Scargill of Cridling gave direction by will that his body was to be buried in the Lady Quere of Darrington Church. All this would seem to show that the chapel which Archbishop Thurstan dedicated at some time of his episcopate was not the Lady Chapel which the Scargills built on the north side of Darrington Church, but one at Stapleton itself, long before any Scargill came there. All record of any such chapel is gone—but the Lady Chapel of Darrington will be a memorial of Warren de Scargill and his wife Clara for many generations yet to come.

VI

THE FRIARS

ONE feature of Darrington village life during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries must not escape notice if we wish to know what manner of life our forefathers lived. Lying as it does within three miles of Pontefract—at that period the second largest town in Yorkshire, and one of great importance—Darrington, in common with its neighbouring villages, must often have been visited by the Friars. Pontefract, at any time from the days of Henry de Lacy until the time of the Reformation, was not only a great commercial and military centre, but one of much religious activity. There were four religious houses in the town, and four religious hospitals. Henry de Lacy founded a Cluniac Priory there in his day; Edmund de Lacy, a successor, established there, at the junction of the roads leading into Pontefract, one from Ackworth, the other from Darrington, a house and church for the Order of Friar Preachers (Dominicans), commonly known as Black Friars from the colour of their habits. He laid the foundation-stone himself, in honour of Our Lady, of St. Dominic, and of St. Richard of Wyche, his own old tutor, himself a Dominican, who was Bishop of Chichester from 1244 to 1253. And there, too, was a house of Carmelites (White Friars) and another of Franciscans (Grey Friars), and with the last Darrington folk of that time were, without doubt, as familiar as the people of our modern slums are with the street-preachers of the Salvation Army.

The Franciscans (*Fratres Minores*—The Lesser Brethren), founded by St. Francis of Assisi early in the thirteenth century, came to England in 1224 and spread gradually over the country. Ultimately they were divided into seven Wardenships—at London, Cambridge, Bristol, Oxford, Newcastle, Worcester, and York : the house at Pontefract, of course, was under the York custody. Their habit was a coarse brown cloth gown, with a pointed hood and a short cloak : the gown was girded with a knotted cord ; always they went barefoot. What their special work was, let Dr. Jessopp tell us : " The Friar was an itinerant Evangelist, always on the move. He was a preacher of righteousness. He lifted up his voice against sin and wrong. ' Save yourselves from this untoward generation ! ' he cried. ' Save yourselves from the wrath to come ! ' Without the loss of a day, the new apostles of poverty, of pity, of an all-embracing love, went forth by two and two to build up the Church of God. Theology they were sublimely ignorant of. Except that they were masters of every phrase and word in the Gospels, their stock-in-trade was scarcely more than that of an average candidate for Anglican orders ; but to each and all of them Christ was simply *everything*. If ever men have preached Christ these men did—Christ, nothing but Christ, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. They had no system, they had no views, they combated no opinions, they took no side. Let the dialecticians dispute about this nice distinction or that. There *could* be no doubt that Christ had died and risen, and was alive for evermore. There was no place for controversy or opinions when here was a mere simple, indisputable, but most awful fact. Did you want to wrangle about the aspect of the fact, the evidence, the what-not ? St. Francis had no mission to argue with you. ' The pearl of great price '—will you have it, or not ? Whether or not, there are millions sighing for it, crying for it, dying for it.

To the poor, at any rate, the Gospel shall be preached now as of old." (Jessop: *The Coming of the Friars.*)

It needs little exercise of the imagination to conjure up a scene which must needs have taken place many a time in those days on a spring or summer evening on the bit of common land which lay in the centre of Darrington. The day's work is over, the folk are resting after their labour, the children are playing about the green or round the enclosures of the poor huts. The cry goes up that the Friars are coming!—the folk run together—here the Friars are. There is not much to see in them—two men in much worn and stained brown habits, barefoot, barehead, laughing and jesting with the people as they make their way through them, but intent all the same on their message. They want no pulpit—a mound of earth, the top of a wall, a heap of stones, the edge of a well, anything will do. One of them begins his preaching straight off—plain homely talk in the language of the people, pointed with stories which his hearers will understand, stories that sometimes provoke loud laughter—but talk and story are full of burning enthusiasm, of zeal, of earnestness, all tending to the one ideal of the Franciscan—"Christ the Crucified! Whose we are and Whose you are!" The big folk come out of the manor-house and listen; the vicar comes out of his vicarage to impart his blessing and give his countenance; old and young listen with interest and eagerness. And when one friar has done, the other begins—and neither speaks at any great length. Short, sharp, forcible—only let the true message be given, the real truth driven home straight to the heart. For the Franciscan had work to do when the preaching work was done. The message is delivered to the souls—now for the bodies! Are there any sick in the place?—take us to them! No great medical skill goes with the brown habit and the bare feet, but every Franciscan friar has a knowledge of simples and home-made ointments, and can bind and dress a wound.

Doctors of the soul, they were often the only physicians of the body which the poor of their time ever knew. And so in and out of the smoke-obscured huts they go, the vicar with them, the folk following, and sores are dressed, and primitive medicines given, and if nothing else can be bestowed, they have an immense reserve stock of sympathy and brotherliness. When all is done, there is no lingering. As they come swiftly, so they go swiftly ; they give all and ask nothing. What could men who had renounced everything do with anything beyond a mouthful of food and a cup of drink ? Men of all sorts became Franciscans—and when they took the brown habit they gave up all, not merely lands and money, but learning itself, for in the mind of St. Francis there was but one learning, even as there was but one treasure. " Hardest of all," says Dr. Jessopp, " (was) what to do with the earnest, highly-trained, and sometimes erudite convert who could not divest himself of the treasures of learning which he had amassed. ' Must I part with my books ? ' said the scholar, with a sinking heart. ' Carry nothing with you for your journey ! ' was the inexorable answer. ' Not a Breviary ? not even the Psalms of David ? ' ' Get them into your heart of hearts, and provide yourself with a treasure in the heavens. Who ever heard of Christ reading books, save when He opened the book in the synagogue, and then *closed it* and went forth to teach the world for ever ? ' " (Jessop : *The Coming of the Friars.*)

VII

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

JUST as the researches and investigations of historians and archæologists have enabled us to know the conditions under which our forefathers lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, so recent delving into the records of the past enables us to form a very accurate idea of what life was in a village like Darrington at the beginning of the sixteenth century—an important period, when England was about to witness the most radical change which has ever come to it during the whole of its history.

Conditions had changed. The village had altered in appearance. The houses and cots had, as it were, strayed away from the centre of things—there were by that time dwellings of both sorts along the main street towards the west. Many of the miserable mud, straw-thatched cabins had gone ; many of the only less miserable houses of the better-class folk had gone with them. In their place had arisen houses and cottages of the early Tudor style—stone houses, strengthened by baulks of timber, and roofed with stone in the more pretentious ones, though thatch was still in use and continued to be used for another two hundred years. The folk were, indeed, better off. Labour had begun, in a very primitive fashion, to assert some of its rights, and the people consequently knew more of civilization, and had definite tendencies towards an increased standard of personal comfort. The various risings of labourers during the preceding century had exercised some

effect, and though the ideas of John Ball were a long, long way from being realized, the tiller of the soil had won some recognition from his superiors. We may take it that the folk who were living in Darrington at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII were comfortably off. Food was just as plentiful as in past centuries. There were no paupers—in the sense in which we know them. Such poor as there were, found regular and proper relief, not dispensed with the niggardly measures of Poor Law Guardians, but with the charity of religion, at the doors of the religious houses, or in the kitchens of the nobles and well-to-do. In certain respects, indeed, the agricultural labouring classes have never been so well off as they were on the eve of the Reformation. Froude, after giving statistics as to the price of food and commodities at that period, continues : "After making the utmost allowances for errors, we may conclude from such a table of prices that a penny, in terms of the labourer's necessities, must have been nearly equal in the reign of Henry VIII to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the labourer could buy as much bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do as much towards finding lodging for himself and his family—as the labourer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3rd of the 6th of Henry VIII it was enacted that . . . common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year ; for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more ; so that, in fact (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated), the day labourer, if in full employment, received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week

. . . and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural labourer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and unenclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese ; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it ; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely enclosed, parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry."

Alongside the gradual improvement of the condition of the village folk had come an alteration in the housing and living of the people who were in authority over them. By the time of Henry VII we may be sure that the old manor-house of Darrington had disappeared, and had given place to newer things. A new manor-house, nothing very considerable, but vastly different to the old one, had risen from the ground, probably on the site of the present Hall. Instead of being a mere assembly room for the whole family, it would be a mansion, with many rooms and sleeping chambers and proper kitchens and offices, with a stable-yard and stabling, and gardens and orchards, and possibly a wall to enclose everything. Similarly, new arrangements were made about the same period for the better housing and accommodation of the vicar. Every visitor who takes an observant eye to Darrington, as it is to-day, must needs be struck with one feature of it which is wellnigh unique in England. Here the church, the churchyard, the tithe-barn, the vicar's dovecot, the vicarage orchard, the vicarage garden, the vicar's farmstead, its fold, its labourers' cottages, the vicarage itself, are all contained in one compact and whole plot of land, bounded in front by the village street, at the sides by two narrow lanes—one of which is a

direct entrance to churchyard and church—and at the rear by a meadow, which was most probably the vicar's croft. It is evident that all this came by no chance happening ; it was of set design, and the probability is that at some period not very long before the Reformation—possibly during the reign of Henry VII, when the country had become settled after the turmoil of the Wars of the Roses—the vicars of Darrington, until then lodged in some small house near the church, were put in possession of the plot of land on which the manor-house of early mediævalism had stood, with its buildings and outhouses, and that what then must have seemed a model ecclesiastical establishment was set up—to the greater comfort of the clergy who enjoyed it.

There had been vicars of Darrington, formally instituted to the church as a vicarage, since 1281 : we will presently see who they were, as far as we can, from the list of their names and the dates of their service. We know their names, at any rate ; we even know the names of one or two of the priests who had served the old Saxon church and the Norman church which had replaced it under the de Lacys. What manner of men were these mediæval vicars of Darrington ? Some writers, who have no single good word to say of the Middle Ages and the centuries which immediately succeeded them, calling them indeed the Dark Ages, in spite of the fact that they produced some of the best of our English achievement in literature, in craft, and notably in architecture, would tell us that they were rude, unlettered, superstitious, fit only to mumble dog-Latin which they did not understand, and very little above the intellectual level of the peasants amongst whom they laboured. That may be dismissed at once as a farrago of nonsense. The researches of the modern school of historians have proved to us of this generation that the village priest of the pre-Reformation period was quite as well fitted for his duties as any clergyman who came after that period. But in one

respect there was indeed little difference between him and the village folk to whom he ministered : he was little better off in the goods of this world than they were. An Act of Parliament (the 2nd of the 2nd) of the time of Henry V (1413–1422) fixed what it called the wages of the parish priest at £5 6s. 8d. a year, except in certain instances, where, by special permission of the diocesan, the amount might be increased to £6. This, roughly speaking, is equivalent to about £60 to £70 of our money ; the pre-Reformation priest, therefore, was but a few shillings a week better off than the labourer. But he had no wife to keep, and no children to educate, and we may accordingly look upon him as being in at any rate comfortable circumstances, with his garden, his orchard, and, as in this case, his farm. He was the sort of half-way man between the lord of the manor and the manor's men, but his work in those days was purely ecclesiastical, and was done mainly about his church.

We cannot tell with precision what a pre-Reformation vicar of Darrington actually had in his vicarage, but we can form a very good notion of his possessions from hearing what another vicar had who was similarly situated. In the Rolls House, where so many records of our past life as a people have been brought to light of late years, where so many more are still awaiting examination, there is an inventory of the goods and chattels of one Richard Master, clerk, who was rector or vicar of Aldington, in Kent, in the first part of the reign of Henry VIII. It affords us an interesting insight into a country clergyman's belongings in those days ; it also gives us an idea of the size and arrangement of a country parsonage. There was in this particular one a hall, a parlour, a chamber opening out of the parlour, a chamber over the parlour, the parson's bedchamber, the parson's lodging-chamber, a study, four other chambers, a butlery and a kitchen : there was also larder, mill-house, boulting-house, garden-house. Quite a large establish-

ment—and when we read of what was in it, we see that we have progressed a long way from the days when even the great man of the manor-house had not even a proper table, nor a decent chair, and probably slept on the floor, wrapped up in a skin. This good parson of Aldington was well-furnished. He possessed twelve silver spoons. He could show chairs, tables, cushions, hangings, bedsteads, feather-beds, pewter, earthenware, painted cloths, linen, glass, kitchen utensils, presses. He was master of much good clothing—a gown of violet cloth, lined with red ; a gown of black cloth, furred with lamb ; another of violet, lined with green sarcenet ; a jerkyn of tawny camlet—and much more. He had good store of provender and meat ; he had a fine lot of poultry, a fair number of cattle. His stable, however, was not anything very grand, for his gelding was lame of spavins, and his grey mare was very old. But he had thirty quarters of wheat and five of barley in his barn, and in the chamber behind the chimney he had a rat-trap. As for his more intellectual possessions, he owned two painted pictures and a hanging on which was pinned another picture (so-called) which gave the names of all the kings of England : he also had books. When we hear it said that the pre-Reformation clergy were unlearned, ignorant men (which would seem strange, in any case, seeing that they were nearly all graduates of one or other University), and that they never read anything but their breviaries, and when we consider further that this Richard Master, parson of Aldington, was merely a typical priest of his day, it is interesting to hear that he possessed one hundred and thirteen separate volumes. But it is much more interesting to know that out of these, forty-two volumes were in Greek—a language which, according to the detractors, no pre-Reformation parson could read.

VIII

DARRINGTON CHURCH : 1530

ALTHOUGH the names of Henry de Lacy and Warren de Scargill must always be kept in remembrance as those of liberal and generous benefactors to the church of Darrington, we must remember that it, like the great majority of the parish churches of the mediæval ages, did not owe its origin nor its preservation to them nor to any individual person. Two great mistakes are still constantly made about the building of our parish churches. One is that they were built by the monastic orders. The monastic orders, broadly speaking, never built a parish church in this country. Another is, that the squires built them. In those ages there were no squires. Who, then, did build the parish churches of England, who kept them up, who preserved the fabric, who made all the various additions to them—outside the occasional gifts of a private chantry, such as that of the Lady Chapel at Darrington, given by Warren and Clara de Scargill—who furnished them, who made them what they were before the Reformation, the most completely equipped, most beautiful churches in Europe? Let Dr. Jessopp, scholar, historian, antiquary, distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, tell us : "The parishes built the churches, and the parishes in all cases kept them in repair. In the fourteenth century it was far, far more rare for a church to be built by some rich man than it is now, just because the number of rich men in the country was in-

THE TITHE BARN, DARRINGTON

comparably fewer than their number is to-day. But as to keeping the churches in repair, the parish had no choice in the matter. The bishops and archdeacons were always looking after the parishioners. The episcopal registers are full of instances of churches that are ordered to be enlarged, re-roofed, re-glazed, re-built, after a fire or after being struck by lightning. . . . When a man first comes to look into the injunctions laid upon all sorts of poor little places to build, to alter, to make additions to the churches, which are to be found in the bishop's register, his hair almost stands on end. He is tempted to exclaim, ' The people couldn't do it ! Why, a seven-shilling rate in the pound for three years would not pay for it ! They couldn't do it ! ' By and by he is compelled to exclaim again, ' They couldn't do it—but they did it, for all that ! ' And when they had done it—built their church, added a tower, then a spire, then an aisle, then a side-chapel or two—then they became so proud of their own achievements and were so delighted with their churches that they made up their minds to get all they could out of their churches. And thus it came to pass that all that was joyous and gay in their lives, all that was beautiful and ennobling, all that was happy in their recollection, all that was best in what they imagined, all that was elevating in their dreams and their hopes and their aspirations—all came to them from the influence which their churches exercised upon them. . . . All the tendency of the feudal system, working through the machinery of the manorial courts, was to keep the people down. All the tendency of the parochial system, working through the parish council, holding its assemblies in the churches, where the people met on equal terms as children and servants of the living God and members of one body in Christ Jesus, was to lift the people up. . . . In proportion as the people realised that their churches were, somehow or other—and, of course, they realised it only very, very slowly and very gradually—

the very bulwarks of their liberty, and that, however much they might be in bondage to the lords of the manors, as *parishioners*, at any rate, they were free men and free women, in that proportion did they love their churches: there, at any rate, their rights were inviolable. . . . But, granted that the people in the villages found the money and the materials for the fabrics, who carried out the work, made the plans, and executed them? Who were the actual builders? . . . The evidence is abundant and positive, and is increasing upon us year by year, that the work done upon the fabrics of our churches, and the other work done in the beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the wood-carving of our screens, the painting of the lovely figures in the panels of those screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental crosses, the stained glass in the windows, and all that vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches till the frightful spoliation of those churches in the sixteenth century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local crafts-men. The evidence for this is accumulating upon us every year, as one antiquary after another succeeds in unearthing fragments of pre-Reformation churchwardens' accounts. We have actual contracts for church building and church repairing undertaken by village contractors. We have the cost of a rood-screen paid to a village carpenter, of painting executed by local artists. We find the names of artificers, described as *aurifaber*, or *worker in gold and silver*, living in a parish which could never have had five hundred inhabitants; we find the people in another place casting a new bell and making the mould for it themselves; we find the blacksmith of another place forging the ironwork for the church door, or we get a payment entered for the carving of the bench-ends five hundred years ago, which bench-ends are to be seen in that church at the present moment. And we get

fairly bewildered by the astonishing wealth of skill and artistic taste and æsthetic feeling which there must have been in this England of ours in times which, till lately, we had assumed to be barbaric times. Bewildered, I say, because we cannot understand how it all came to a dead-stop in a single generation, not knowing that the frightful spoliation of our churches and other parish buildings, and the outrageous plunder of the parish gilds in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by the horrible band of robbers that carried on their detestable work, effected such a hideous obliteration, such a clear sweep of the previous treasures that were dispersed in rich profusion over the whole land, that a dull despair of ever replacing what had been ruthlessly pillaged crushed the spirit of the whole nation, and art died out in rural England, and King Whitewash and Queen Ugliness ruled supreme for centuries." (Jessop: *Parish Life in England before the Great Pillage.*)

Now what was the church of Darrington like, in, say, the year of Our Lord 1530—a highly important date? The present-day parishioners of Darrington possess a beautiful church, intelligently restored—with certain notable exceptions—reverently kept, properly furnished; people of no more than middle age know what a contrast there is between its present appearance and that which it presented at any time within their recollection up to the year 1880. But few, if any, of them have any idea of the contrast which can truthfully be drawn between the interior appearance of the church as it is now and as it was on the eve of the Reformation, before the hand of the spoiler fell upon it, destroying and ravishing the pious labours of the folk who had made it beautiful. Let it be remembered, in this connection, that those pious labours had long had the sanction of the law. By the Statute of Archbishop Peckham, which was made in 1280 and remained in force until the time of Henry VIII, the parishioners were bound to provide all necessaries for

the services of the church: a brief of Archbishop Winchelsey, issued in 1305, tells us what those necessaries were. "We will and ordain," it says, "that the parishioners be bound to provide all the following: Legend, Antiphonal, Grayle, Psalter, Tropary, Ordinale, Missal, Manual, Chalice, the best Vestment with Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle, and a Cope for the choir (offices) with all their belongings (amice, girdle, maniple, stole), the frontal for the High Altar, with three cloths; three surplices; a rochet; the processional cross; a cross to carry to the sick; a thurible; a lantern; a bell to ring when the Body of Christ is carried to the sick; a pyx of ivory or silver for the Body of Christ; the Lenten veil; the Rogation Day banner; the bells with their cords; a bier to carry the dead upon; the Holy Water vat; the osculatorium for the Pax; the paschal candlestick; a font with its lock and key; the images in the church; the image of the patron Saint in the chancel; the enclosure wall of the cemetery; all repairs of the nave of the church, interior and exterior: repairs also in regard to the images of the crucifix and of the saints and to the glazed windows; all repairs of books and vestments, when necessary. All other matters of the chancel and things not of special agreement, appertain to the rector or vicar and must be done at his expense." This is instructive and significant for a certain reason—we now know that many of these furnishings of the parish church were made, actually made, by the parishioners within the parish. The vestments were often made by the women; certainly the women kept them in repair with their needles. The images were made by the village woodcarver, often by the village carpenter. As to the repair of the office-books, this was done by skilled workers who went from place to place: the sacramental vessels were, of course, obtained from craftsmen who worked in gold and silver, though there was very often such a craftsman—*aurifaber*—in out-of-the-way parishes where we

should certainly not find one nowadays. So far as in them lay, the parishioners furnished their church, beautified it, equipped it, with their own hands.

Let us in imagination step into Darrington Church as it presented itself to its people at the time of which we are speaking. It is easy to enter—the church, being the home of its people, is always open to them. Here, at the west entrance, is the Font. In accordance with the ancient constitution of the church, it is of stone, and except when it is being used for the administration of the sacrament, it must always be covered ; it is, therefore, under lock and key. It is of great antiquity : it was here, doubtless, long before the Normans came, five hundred years ago. Beyond it opens out the body of the church, the nave and the north and south aisles : the peculiar property of the people, as the chancel is that of the vicar. It is filled, this body, with open benches, made by the village carpenters ; the ends are beautifully carved and ornamented by handwork. On the walls are paintings, frescoes, depicting well-known scenes from Old and New Testament history : the windows are filled with beautiful stained glass. Some of these windows are, like the mural paintings, given up to scriptural subjects ; some depict the lives of the Saints ; a local saint, St. Wilfrid, or St. Paulinus, or St. Robert, is sure to be amongst them. Here and there, amongst the wall paintings, are memorials and monuments, with not a few brasses, all scrupulously kept bright and clean. At the end of the south aisle is a side-altar ; between it and the southern corner of the chancel is the pulpit. It is a plain structure of wood, made, like the benches, by the village carpenter. From the angle of the chancel arch just behind it, to the corresponding angle across the nave, stretches the rood-screen ; that, too, has been made by the parishioners, and ornamented by them. In its centre, over the door or gate which gives access to the chancel, is a great crucifix ; on one side of it is

a figure of Our Lady, on the other, one of St. John : on either side of this group are set two candlesticks with lights. Within the chancel there are plain benches set against the walls, one on each side, with a stall, facing the altar, for the minister at the choir services ; on the floor, between their benches, are the slabs, with their crosses, of folk who obtained burial before the high altar. The high altar itself stands a little away from the east wall of the chancel : over it is a canopy, supported by pillars. Beneath this canopy is the pyx, a vessel of silver and of ivory, in which is reserved the Blessed Sacrament. It is covered by a veil of the richest silk which the parishioners can afford ; in front of it is suspended a lamp, the light of which is always burning. The frontal of the altar is of silk, too ; on the altar itself are set two massive candlesticks with lights : between them is the crucifix. There are more silk hangings on either side of the altar and its canopy ; on the south side of the chancel, in close proximity to it, are the seats for the ministers at the altar, the niches in which the sacramental vessels are placed, and the piscina, into which the water used in the ceremonial washing of the celebrant's hands is poured away. Below the lowest of the steps leading to the high altar is the entrance from the church to the Lady Chapel ; there is another entrance from the north aisle, beneath the stone gallery-screen which stretches from the meeting of nave and chancel to the outer turret. In the Lady Chapel is another altar ; there, too, on either side of the flooring before it, are the effigies of Warren de Scargill and Clara de Stapleton. Its windows, like those of the church, are filled with painted or stained glass—some of that glass, after various experiences at the hands of vandals and ignorant folk, has happily been recovered, and is in the church to-day. There, too, are other memorials of the Scargill family—to us of this twentieth century they are lost.

So much for the interior of the church as it was in the year

1530 ; its exterior and surroundings were just as reverently kept. Near the base of the tower stood a great cross—probably in close proximity to the old sundial which is still there, unless, indeed, the pillar which supports that sundial is part of the original shafting of the cross. And in those days all about the churchyard stood trees—and those trees may have been at Darrington, as they often were in other parishes in England, a fruitful cause of dispute between the vicar and his parishioners, for they were sometimes cut down, and sometimes blown down, and there are cases to be cited in which parson and people quarrelled over their ownership. Upon churchyard and green graves and ancient trees the church itself, old even in 1530, looked down in silent impressiveness. Over its high roof hung then the Sanctus bell in its cot—a reminder to those who were not at church that the Holy Sacrifice was then being offered for them. But in those days it was a rare thing for any man, woman, or child not to be at church, for to these pre-Reformation forefathers of ours their religion was a living and vital reality, and the chief factor of their daily life.

IX

THE REFORMATION

THE series of extraordinary changes—economic, social, and political rather than religious—which we have long called by the one comprehensive name of the Reformation, fell upon the people of the North of England as a sudden thunderstorm breaks on a clear day. Whatever might be the feeling in some parts of the country—and it is difficult to find record of any part where there was such feeling—there was no desire for these changes on the part of the men of Lincoln and York, Lancaster and Durham, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Northumberland. Yet the change came, and came with bewildering swiftness. In 1530 England was to the outward eye the most religious country in Europe—by 1560 it was hard to find any visible evidence of religion in it. But there is no necessity to enter into controversial points in this place as to the why and wherefore of the Reformation : all that is necessary is to set down the plain, incontrovertible facts of its history as they affect the story of such a parish church as that of Darrington and the people who had made that church what it was before the Reformation began.

On January 15, 1535, an Order in Council declared Henry VIII Supreme Head of the Church of England, and thereby set aside the spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. The martyrdom of the Carthusians of the London Charterhouse, of Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, a Yorkshireman and a native of Beverley, and of Sir Thomas

More, quickly followed: none of these men would accept the new-fangled doctrine that a man can be head of a spiritual body. In the following year came the Suppression of the Lesser Religious Houses, with threatenings of what might happen to the greater ones. Many of the smaller houses were in the North: the folk of the North—especially those of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Durham—rose in revolt, under the leadership of Robert Aske, a Yorkshireman of ancient family which had been settled at Aughton on the Derwent for many generations. This rising, known to history as the Pilgrimage of Grace, came to naught, crushed by the cunning of Henry himself, who first tricked and deceived its leaders with fair promises, and then sent them to the scaffold, the stake, and the block. In 1538 began the Suppression of the Greater Monasteries—within two years it was practically completed. The lands and possessions of the monastic orders were seized by the Crown; the houses themselves and the churches attached to them were sacked and dismantled; eight thousand religious were driven out upon the world; eighty thousand people, chiefly workers employed by them, were left penniless and without prospect. So far all the damage had been done to the monastic orders. But in 1545 the order for the destruction of the Chantries went forth: it included the breaking-up of the hospitals and free chapels. And finally, in 1552, the spoliation of the parish churches began. That was soon over—and where there had been order and beauty and reverence there was desolation and emptiness and utter despair in the hearts of the folk to whom those parish churches had been the joy and comfort of existence.

This wholesale pillage and destruction of the parish churches was the most serious feature of what we call the Reformation. Monasticism might revive: indeed, in plain fact, it has revived, and there are more monks and nuns in the country to-day than there were in 1538, many more.

But nothing could restore to them the treasures of which the parish churches were robbed. That robbery was of such a nature that its consequences were irreparable. " We talk," says Dr. Jessopp, " with a great deal of indignation of the Tammany Ring. [He refers to a ring, a combination of notoriously unscrupulous politicians in New York.] The day will come when some one will write the story of two other rings ; the ring of the miscreants who robbed the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth was the first ; but the ring of the robbers who robbed the poor and helpless in the reign of Edward the Sixth was ten times worse than the first. The Universities only just escaped the general confiscation : the friendly societies and benefit clubs and the guilds did not escape. The accumulated wealth of centuries, their houses and lands, their money, their vessels of silver and their vessels of gold, their ancient cups and goblets and salvers, even to their very chairs and tables, were all set down in inventories and catalogues, and all swept into the great robbers' hoard. Last, but not least, the immense treasures in the churches, the joy and boast of every man, woman, and child in England, who day by day and week by week assembled to worship in the old houses of God, which they and their fathers had built, and whose every vestment and chalice, and candlestick and banner, organs and bells, and picture and image, and altar and shrine, they looked upon as their own, and part of their birthright—all these were torn away by the rudest spoilers, carted off, they knew not whither, with jeers and scoffs and ribald shoutings, while none dared raise a hand or let his voice be heard above the whisper of a prayer of bitter grief and agony." (Jessop : *Parish Life in England before the Great Pillage.*)

It is a common mistake to suppose—as so many people do suppose—that during the reign of Mary what is called the Old Religion was fully re-established, that the religious

orders returned to abbey and priory, convent and hospital, and that the parish churches were again put on their old footing. No greater mistake could be made. The religious orders would have had nothing but roofless cloisters and ruinous churches to go to ; the parish churches were sacked beyond repair. The best that can be said for the state of things between 1553 and 1558 is that they were in a complexion, varying from day to day, of strange uncertainty. But after the accession of Elizabeth uncertainty there was none. The folk of the North, always slow to give in when supporting what they know to be a good cause, and one particularly endeared to them by long association, again rose in revolt on behalf of the old faith. But the Rising of the North in Elizabeth's time was as hopeless as the Pilgrimage of Grace had been in her father's. Hundreds of lay-folk suffered at the gallows, and " priests," says Dr. Raine, " were hunted down like vermin." The prisons were full, and the vindictive proceedings were especially severe in the centre of Yorkshire ; according to the records nearly nine hundred adherents of the ancient religion were executed at Wetherby, Tadcaster, Boroughbridge, and Topcliff between the January and May of 1570, the year following after the last armed protest. And so it was all over, and the parish church of Darrington, like all other parish churches, was a changed place. There was nothing of beauty left in it. The three-hundred-years' epoch of irreverence and neglect had set in—the carefully-kept House of God became a wilderness of dirt and desolation. Its old vicars would not have known it. That we may make one more small effort to keep their memory green, let us here set down the names of those pre-Reformation vicars. They were : Under the patronage of the Archbishop of York, by lapse, Henry de Stanford, instituted February 7th, 1281 ; under the patronage of the Prior and Convent of Pontefract, John de Secroft, April 25th, 1313, and John de Wakefield, who was for some

reason deprived of the living; under the patronage of King Edward II, Roger de Corby, instituted October 22nd, 1326; under the patronage of King Edward III, as holder of the rights of the Prior and Convent of Pontefract, John Tourge, instituted July 28th, 1349; Roger de Brotharton, October 29th, 1349; Richard Douke, December 23rd, 1369; under the patronage of the Prior and Convent of Pontefract, John de Pontefract, instituted May 10th, 1409, and John Bosevyle, respecting whose vicariate no date is known; under the patronage of the Dean of the Free Chapel of St. Clement in the Castle of Pontefract, John Coterell, instituted May 2nd, 1420; John Waynflete, May 1st, 1422; Robert Thornton, January 3rd, 1434; William Foxe, May 11th, 1444; Thomas Gilberthorp, September 2nd, 1444; Robert Fynney, November 18th, 1446; under the patronage of Richard Shirwood, gentleman, Robert Taylor, instituted November 6th, 1464, to whom succeeded Robert Gill, concerning whom no date is given; under the patronage of the Prior and Convent of Pontefract, William Harrington, instituted March 25th, 1496; Thomas Hampton, June 14th, 1504; Richard Newyth, May 14th, 1505; Anthony Frobyssher, June 9th, 1537. Of these pre-Reformation clerics there are no memorials or tombs left in the church which they served.

X

THE AUSTWICKS OF PONTEFRACT

ONE of the last of the pre-Reformation burials in Darrington Church was that of Dionise or Dennis Austwick, a member of a Pontefract family which appears to have had some intimate connection with Darrington, possibly by ownership of some small parcel of land or by tenancy. The Austwicks were people of considerable importance in Pontefract from about the middle of the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century. They were of the trading class—dyers, tanners, mercers, grocers. During their long connection with the town they furnished it with no less than twelve mayors. One of the last of their family (which became extinct with Richard Austwick, grocer and gentleman, so far as the male side went, in 1698) was Alderman Thomas Austwick, twice Mayor of Pontefract, who was one of the eleven Pontefract Royalist Aldermen who joined the Cavalier garrison in the Castle in 1644, and went through the privations of the first siege.

There are many wills of this family amongst the York Wills : the first in which reference is made to Darrington is that of John Austwick (there spelled Austewyk), dyer, of Pontefract, which was executed on June 2nd, 1482, and proved by Joan Austwick, widow, and Robert Austwick, brother, the executors, at Broderton, (Brotherton), on October 8th in the same year. The testator, after giving his soul to God Almighty, the Blessed Mary the Virgin, and

all the Saints of God, and his body to be buried within the parish church of All Saints of Pontefract, left for his mortuary a horse, with a saddle and its appurtenances. He then settled his lands and tenements, and passed on to smaller bequests, amongst which is two shillings to the vicar of the church of Darrington for the high altar. In an addition to the will, which is really a codicil, he made provisions for the building of a chantry chapel within the parish church of Pontefract, but this instruction was never carried out.

The will of Dennis Austwick, who is buried in Darrington Church, is interesting as being the first of the York series of wills to be written in English, all up to that date having been made in Latin. It is here given in full, and it will be seen that it contains two references to Darrington, and that the second implies that at the time it was made some work of restoration was going on at the church.

" In Dei Nomine, amen, the VIth daye of Februarij in the yeare of our lord God m i. vc.xxxiiith. I Dionise Austwicke being feble and crased in my bodye, makes this my last will and testament in maner and fourme foloyng. First I will and bequeathe my soule to Almightie God in heven, my bodie to bee buried in the Parish Kyrke of Darthington before the blessed roode there. Also I bequeath to my curate for my mortuarie according unto the Kinge's acte of hys Parliament. Also I bequeathe unto the Kyrke workes of Darthington iijs. iiijd. Also I bequeathe unto Thomas Austwicke, my sone, xxs., and he to claim then to have no more of my goodes. Also I gif unto Richard Austwicke, my sone, xxs. and to have no more of my goodes bicause I have gyven unto hymn certayne landes in being in Castleforthe, to hym and to his heyres lyke as appereth in one scedule annexed to a deade of Feoffamente maid unto Robt. Adam and odre moo. Item. I will that the gilde maisters of Corpus Cristi have vis. viijd. wiche I borrowed of theme.

The residewe of all my goodes not before gyven I gyf theme frelie wtout any hurte unto their conscience to bring me furthe the daye of my beriall and to dispose for my saule as they shall thinke beste ; wiche persons I name and make my executours to fulfyll thys my will, that is to witte, John Hyrste and Eliz Hyrste, my doughter. Thyes being witeness of this my will and true mynde, Sir Robert Longley, preste ; Cristofer Bradforde, gentleman : Hughe Herryson and oder moo. In witnesse hereof I have sette my seale the daye and yeare above."

It will be observed that there is a difference in the Mortuary of John Austwick in 1482 and that of Dennis Austwick in 1533. The mortuary was a present made at death to the incumbent of the parish. Legally, in the old days, it was the dead man's second best beast, but custom had made it usual for a testator to leave what he liked. This led to much difference of opinion, and in 1529, the mortuary, as it had been, was abolished by Act of Parliament, and a sliding scale for its future payment was instituted. If the value of an estate was under £6 13s. 4d. nothing was to be paid ; if under £30, the mortuary was to be 3s. 4d. ; if under £40, 6s. 8d. ; above £40, it was to be 10s. No higher mortuary was permitted. The mortuary of Dennis Austwick in 1533 would accordingly depend on the value of his estate, and could in no case be equal to the worth of John's horse with its saddle and bridle.

XI

THE WENTBRIDGE CHANTRY

ALTHOUGH the ancient church of Darrington served as parish church to the outlying townships of Cridling, Stapleton, and Wentbridge, there appears to be no doubt that for some time previous to the Reformation there had been a chapel and chantry at Wentbridge itself. There is at any rate one definite reference to the existence of such a chapel. Amongst the religious houses suppressed between 1537 and 1540 was the Cluniac Priory of St. John at Pontefract, which stood very near the site of the present railway station at Monkhill. Its last Prior was one James Thwaites. He was not only Prior of St. John's; he was also Dean of the chapel of St. Clement, in the precincts of Pontefract Castle. When the religious houses were dissolved, Prior Thwaites was allowed to retain his office of Dean, and he probably lived either within the Castle or in the town itself. And on the 13th October, 1545, he made his will, and he must have died soon after making it, for it was proved at York about three weeks later—October 31. In this will James Thwaites makes several charitable bequests. He left sums of money to various churches in the neighbourhood: to Darrington Church he bequeathed ten shillings. Then comes the distinct reference to Wentbridge. "I bequeath to Sir Hugh Moseley, priest of Wentbridge, to sing for me a whole year at Wentbridge, £4. 13s. 4d." Now this clearly implies that there was at that time at Wentbridge a chapel and a

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priest to serve it. How long such a chapel had been in existence there is nothing to show. But Prior Thwaites's bequest had small chance of being carried out. Within a few weeks of the making and proving of his will, the Parliament which met on 23rd November, 1545, passed the first Act for the Dissolution of the Chantries, and the Wentbridge chapel was, no doubt, soon afterwards dismantled. It is supposed that it stood near the present bridge, on the south bank of the river, at a place still marked by some ancient stumps of yew, and it is a matter of local legend that there were forty-two yews marshalled around it, and that its foundations were plainly discernible within the memory of living man. But of it, and of Sir Hugh Mosely, its priest, we know no more that is certain than the will of the last Prior of Pontefract can tell us.

XII

STAPLETON AND THE HOLGATE FAMILY

BETWEEN the Manor of Stapleton and one of the leading figures of the new order of things that followed the general upheaval of the middle of the sixteenth century, a curious and interesting link existed for many years. The successors of Warren de Scargill and his wife Clara de Stapleton held Stapleton until the end of the fifteenth century—possibly a little longer. How it passed away from that family is not known. There are few—if any really definite—particulars of its history between 1500 and 1545. But between 1545 and 1560 we hear of four separate persons who held property in Stapleton—they were Bartholomew Methley, described as a gentleman; Robert Houldsworth, clerk; John St. Paul; and Robert Neweth. From Robert Neweth one William Scargill, most likely a descendant of the old family, bought a small parcel of property at Stapleton in 1560. But about this time another man, bearing a name very well known in Yorkshire at that period, comes on the scene, who began buying up the manor and lands of Stapleton, and had succeeded before the end of the century (he and his immediate successor, at any rate) in becoming possessed of the whole. He was a tradesman of Pontefract: his name was Thomas Holgate, and he was the nephew of the famous Robert Holgate, Archbishop of York. He was also his uncle's sole executor and his heir, and it was doubtless with the money left to him by the Archbishop that the manor and lands of Stapleton were purchased.

Robert Holgate, Archbishop of York, was an interesting individual. During his time he played a good many parts on the troubled stage of those unsettled years. He was of no particular advantage of birth—his people were probably farmers, or tradesfolk, at Hemsworth, where he himself was born. He became a monk, and when we first hear anything noteworthy of him he was Prior of Watton, in the East Riding—the largest and most important of the religious houses which followed the rule of St. Gilbert of Sempringham, and at the time of the Dissolution had a very considerable revenue. Afterwards he was Bishop of Llandaff. He took an important part in the destructive movement, and he became Archbishop of York. But he had been connected with York before he was called upon to rule the northern Archdiocese, in 1545. In 1537 the Council of the North was founded. It was in effect a local committee of the Privy Council, and its object was to superintend the affairs of the northern counties as regards the administration of justice, the collection of taxes, and the defence of the King's authority in what had of late been a troublesome and not over-amenable part of the realm. It was to take a gaol delivery from Hull, York, Newcastle, and Durham every year, but its headquarters were at the Guildhall in York, and to its President, for lodging, was assigned the house, now used as a home for the blind, which had formerly belonged to the Abbot of St. Mary's. The first President was Thomas, Duke of Norfolk ; the second, Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham ; the third was Robert Holgate. Soon after being transferred from Llandaff to York, Archbishop Holgate—probably because he had no option in the matter—alienated the ancient Manor of Sherburn, which had belonged to the Archbishop of York for many hundreds of years, in company with much other archiepiscopal property of great value, to Henry VIII, in exchange for a small quantity of land and a number of presentations and

advowsons: that of Darrington, according to the *Torre MSS.*, being amongst them. In 1549 Holgate did what no English Archbishop had ever done before—he married Mistress Barbara Wentworth in the parish church of Adwick-le-Street, she at the time being betrothed to another. In 1554 this marriage, and his known heterodoxy, cost him his see. The Tudors had a short way with bishops who became distasteful to them, and Mary turned Holgate out of York just as summarily as her sister Elizabeth turned out his successor, Heath, who refused to crown her, and was otherwise obnoxious to her, some years later. But Holgate was permitted to spend the last years of his life in peace, and he used his remaining time to good purpose by founding a hospital for poor folk at his native village of Hemsworth, and in assuring the permanent good health and future success of the Grammar Schools which he had already founded at York and at Malton, and in his native village.

There is a further incident of Archbishop Holgate's varied and busy life which may fitly be recorded in this place because it has a distinct local connection. On the 24th November, 1641, he, then Bishop of Llandaff and Lord President of the Council of the North, sat, in company with the Earl of Shrewsbury, Sir Marmaduke Constable, Sir William Copley, Sir John Wentworth, Sir Gervase Clifton, Thomas Fairfax, Sergeant-at-Law, and William Bapthorpe, Esquire, and a grand jury composed of leading gentlemen of Yorkshire, at Doncaster, to hear a charge of adultery brought against Queen Katherine Howard, who, it was alleged, had criminally misconducted herself with Francis Derham and Thomas Culpeper, Lady Rochford being a conniving party, at Pontefract Castle, during her residence there in the previous August, her husband, King Henry VIII, being at the time gone from Pontefract (whither he had come on the only visit he ever paid to Yorkshire) to stay with Sir Thomas Wentworth at Bretton. The charge, in the opinion of

Holgate and his fellow-justices and the grand jury, was substantiated, and on the true bill which they found, and on another returned from a separate inquisition, the young queen, the two co-respondents, and the conniver, Lady Rochford, were duly tried, found guilty, and executed—the two men being hanged at Tyburn, the two women beheaded at the Tower of London.

Archbishop Holgate, who was born in 1500, died in 1555, and he left all he had—save for the amount devised for his pious benefactions—to Thomas Holgate his nephew. Thomas Holgate was a burgess of Pontefract, who in an assessment made in 1549 is described as a mercer, which probably means that he was a general draper. He had married in 1540, Isabel, daughter and heiress of Henry Butler of Pontefract. On her death he married again—his second wife was Mary, daughter of Henry Power, of North Dalton, in the East Riding. It seems probable that Mary Power brought him, either at the time of this marriage or on the death of her father, a good deal of money. It may have been her money, indeed, which—added to what he got from the Archbishop—bought the Stapleton estate, because that was specially devised to his and her children, to the exclusion of the children which he had by his marriage with Isabel Butler. The second wife predeceased Thomas, who thereupon left Stapleton, and retired to Pontefract, where he lived in a house in Ropergate, with his son Henry Holgate, who had continued his father's business in the town, and whom he is believed to have outlived.

Where Thomas Holgate, nephew of the Archbishop and first Holgate owner of Stapleton died, and where he is buried, is not known. But in the chancel of Darrington Church there are three flat gravestones which commemorate certain members of his family—Thomas Holgate the younger and Katherine his wife : two George Holgates, and two wives of George Holgates. There are several entries in the parish

register relating to the baptism and burials of various Holgates. In the will of George Holgate, made in July, 1623, there is left to the Vicar of Darrington " in liewe of omitted tythes, if any such have beene, a piece of gold of twenty-two shillings valew." To his brother Francis, this George Holgate also left ten pounds towards the payment of his, Francis's debts, the farm which Francis had (tenanted, one supposes) at Stapleton, and the windmill at Darrington. Having no children of his own, the same George Holgate left to George and Thomas, his nephews, sons of the said Francis, the whole profits of his own (presumably the home, or estate) farm at Stapleton, for their education in learning until they attained the age of twenty-one—his wife, Mary, to have the tuition and government of them during that period. Stapleton remained in the possession of the Holgate family until the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the then owner, Bartholomew Holgate, sold it to Sir John Savile. In addition to the three gravestones in Darrington Church there is a further memorial of the family in the parish which may well keep their memory green for many a generation to come, for a slight eminence in the land near Darrington Leys is called Holgate Hill to this day. And in the Quarter Sessions Records of the West Riding of Yorkshire are two other memorials of a very different nature. At the Quarter Sessions held at Wakefield in January, 1641, the Justices present being Sir William Savile, Baronet, Sir John Ramsden, Knight, Edward Stanhope, Esquire, John Kay, Esquire, Francis Nevile, Esquire, John Farrer, Esquire, and Thomas Thornhill, Esquire, Frances, wife of Thomas Holgate, gentleman, of Darrington, was charged with assaulting and maltreating one William Webster, the parish constable, and she was convicted and fined ten shillings—a considerable sum in those days. At the same Quarter Sessions, one Jennett Larryman, described as a spinster, of Stapleton, came before the Justices and told

them a pitiful tale. She had, she said, been settled and had remained in the service of Mrs. Holgate of Stapleton by the space of twenty-five years last past. Her employer was lately dead, and she, Jennett, was now aged, infirm, destitute, and homeless—would the Justices do something for her? The Justices made prompt response—the churchwardens and overseers of the parish were ordered to provide convenient harbour for Jennett Larryman and to see that a proper allowance was made to her. These records are of interest to us for two reasons—they show that justice was administered in Stuart times without fear, and with considertion for the poor : justice is done to William Webster though he was merely parish constable and his assailant a gentlewoman ; prompt relief is afforded to the destitute servant : they also show that although Bartholomew Holgate had sold the manor of Stapleton to the Saviles some time before 1630, there were Holgates living at Stapleton and at Darrington, probably as tenants, for many years afterwards.

XIII

THE PARISH REGISTERS

ONE of the very earliest entries in the parish registers of Darrington—a transcript of the first six books of which has recently been printed by the Yorkshire Parish Register Society—records the baptism of George Holgate, son of Thomas, on January 1st, 1570. Other entries of about the same date reveal the deeply interesting fact that there were then living in Darrington certain families whose successors have stood by the old place ever since. Catharine Frobisher, the daughter of Anthony, was baptized in April, 1570; Alicia Scholey was married to William Mawde in November, 1571; John Shillito brought his daughter Elizabeth to the font in June, 1572. There are—or were until very recently—Frobishers, Scholeys and Shillitos in Darrington to this day—lineal descendants, without doubt, of the folk whose names began to be recorded in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

It is a curious fact—and a thousand pities—that we in England were slow to recognize the advantages of keeping a systematic record of births, marriages, and deaths. Other—older—nations well knew the value of such a system. It was in use in ancient Greece, and in ancient Rome; in every Roman province there was a public official whose duty it was to keep a register of names, births, and deaths. Our neighbours of France knew better than we did in this matter—the French registers date from the beginning of the fourteenth century, and have always been so exactly and

scrupulously kept and preserved, that it is far easier to trace the family history and pedigree of a French peasant for five hundred years than it is to make out that of an English peer. No provision was made for the keeping of parish registers in England until 1538, and the regulations then laid down were by no means insisted upon, for in 1562 a Bill came before Parliament which contained ordinances for the better keeping of parochial records, and made special reference to the church books, titles, notes, and remembrances of twenty-four years last past—a clear reference to the carelessly kept enactment of 1538. In spite of all Acts of Parliament, parish registers—which in law are the property of the incumbent for the time being—were, until comparatively recent times, very carelessly kept and looked after, and Burn, in his *History of Parish Registers*, gives many instances of their having been sold by rectors and vicars for waste-paper, and even used for such domestic purposes as lighting fires and singeing geese. Even nowadays they are very much at the mercy of the parochial clergy, and the only real safeguard of them (so far as their relative value to the tracing of title to succession and property is concerned) is that all fresh entries in them are bound to be transcribed and forwarded to the Registrar-General. Many suggestions for their better guardianship have been made: they ought really to be kept in a fireproof safe in the vestry of the church, and to that safe only the incumbent and one churchwarden should have access.

No register was kept at Darrington until the year 1567. For nearly a hundred years all the entries were made in Latin. In the six books which have been printed by the Yorkshire Parish Register Society—covering the period from 1567 to 1812—there is very little more than calendars of names in relation to baptisms, marriages, and funerals. The names of various families of note in the neighbourhood

appear in some quantity—Beales, Bolderos, Greenwoods, Holgates, Lees, Saviles, Sotherons—but there are no particular details of any of them. Nevertheless, from these mere lists of names one may gather much that is of interest in relation to the nomenclature of the parish between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries. When the registers began to be kept, the names in use in Darrington were Paget, Wager, Lynne, Branton, Taylor, Rothwell, Simpson, Hirst, Carter, Shillito, Frobisher, Scholey. The ordinary names of the English race are not very evident at any period. There are many uncommon Christian names—Merista, Phalin, Ursily, Alvarey, Bathalina, Pheasy, Harrud, Clemytris, Troath, Meriah, Emmota, Deeperin. There are many odd surnames—Acarland, Anger, Awtrick, Bacchas, Bangy, Barche, Biarde, Breiner, Cark, Castlesse, Cawapt, Cawvard, Coo, Dlouer, Dujon, Fallice, Grymsdyche, Hazard, Knutbrown, Lastlesse, Mown, Pew, Priance, Prothum, Rabot, Roasone, Scawbend, Scotchbour, Sharpass, Tabernacle, Thomond, Whipwhom, Woane. One feature of the Christian names of the first two or three books of the registers is their high-sounding quality—here are few Bettys, Nancies and Debbies, as one might expect from a purely labouring society, but many Rosamonds, Isabels, Margarets, Guys, Hughs, Lionels. There is one Victoria—she was the daughter of a Wentbridge innkeeper, Marshall, who flourished *circa* 1600—and there is an Elkanor, who was a black servant to Mr. Savile and boasted no surname at all. Here and there, at intervals during the three centuries, are entries recording the burials of folk who had no name—none, at any rate, known to those who buried them. The entry "A poor traveller" is of fairly frequent occurrence: what the vicar or parish clerk who made these entries called a traveller we should call a tramp; and the probabilities are that these unfortunates, there being no more religious houses to turn to for relief, and the obligation of charity being no more insisted upon

since the Reformation, were picked up on the highwayside, dead from want and privation.

One of the most striking and significant features of our parish registers has to do with the Puritan period of English history and government. It is constantly forgotten that at no period of English history was there ever such ruthless religious persecution and intolerance as under the rule of Oliver Cromwell and his adherents. The Committee of Religion which was appointed by the Long Parliament in 1641 began its operations by forbidding—under penalty of heavy fine and harsh imprisonment—the use of the Book of Common Prayer, either in public or in private; continued them by setting up the Directory of Public Worship (Presbyterian in form) and crowned them—as far as it could—by turning bishops out of their sees and many thousand clergy out of their livings. During the twenty years of this period of fanatical intolerance the parish registers were not put to much use—in a great many parishes the register books contain very few entries made between 1641 and 1662; in many they disappeared altogether. The keeping of them was taken out of the hands of such clergy as were left, and given to a lay registrar. Marriages were no longer performed by a clergyman but by a magistrate, after the publication of banns with one-and-twenty days' notice to the parish registrar; as for baptisms, they were severely discouraged. Anyone who examines parish registers of that period will find that instead of the word "baptized" being used the word "borne" is in constant evidence up to 1662: they will find, too, by a very careful comparison of dates, that in the years immediately following the Restoration there were in nearly all parishes, a large number of *adult* baptisms.

The instances of this state of things in Yorkshire parishes are many, though Yorkshire was never—at that period, at any rate—a hotbed of Puritanism, as some of the counties nearer London—Buckingham, for instance—were. To take

two parishes as far apart, and of as different complexions as regards the character of their people, as Flamborough and Knaresborough:—From 1641 to 1653 no registers were kept at Flamborough. From 1641 to 1660 there is no record of any Vicar of Flamborough. Some time after the Restoration—that is, after 1660—somebody inserted in the Flamborough registers, then started again, the records of two baptisms which were administered in 1649 and 1652—most likely in private. From 1641 to 1661 all the marriages in this parish were celebrated by the local magistrates. In the register from 1653 to 1662 the word " baptized " is never once used. It was certainly written in the first entry, but the hand that wrote it crossed it out and wrote " borne " above it, and that word was used thenceforward. A similar state of things existed at Knaresborough, which, in its day, had been a centre of religion. " The singular mode of solemnizing marriages that took place during Cromwell's usurpation," says Hargrove, in his *History of Knaresborough*, " was strictly observed here for four years, during which time sixty-six couples were joined together before the civil magistrate. The gentlemen who were applied to in this case, for the most part, appear to have been Thomas Stockdale, Esq., of Bilton Park, or Sir Thomas Mauleverer, Bart., of Allerton Park, or the Mayor of Ripon. The banns were published on three separate days before the marriage, *sometimes at the Market Cross*, and sometimes in church." The following is a copy of one of the certificates : " March 30. 1651. Marmaduke Inman, and Prudence Lowcock, both of the parish of Knaresborough, were this day married together at Ripon, having first been published three several market-days, in the market-place, at Knaresborough, according to an act of parliament, and no exceptions made. In the presence of Thomas Davie, and Anthony Simpson." As to the actual Knaresborough Register of that period parts of it are deliberately defaced—some person at that time

evidently of set purpose smeared quantities of ink over the pages.

How did Darrington fare in this respect at that period? One fact is at once noticeable, on an examination of the register: the number of entries are not what one would expect them to be in a parish of that size during the period in question: they do not compare with the entries of any similar period—twenty years—during the three hundred years in which the records have been kept. Another is, the appearance of the word "borne" instead of "baptized." Clearly, the Sacrament of Baptism fell into disuse at that time. Yet—strangely enough, or, perhaps, not strangely—the registrar was the then vicar—at any rate, from 1653. A "remembrance" concerning his appointment appears at the beginning of the Second Book of the Registers: "Be it remembered that Mr. Richard Woodroffe [Woodrove] of Darrington was by the inhabitants in that parish [?elected] and made choice of for their register [registrar] and on the day and year above-said come before me and approued of and sworne accordinge to y^e^ act of p'liam^t^ in that case made and provided [? G. Byan]." Following upon this are the entries made by Mr. Richard Woodrove, Vicar of Darrington, until his death in April, 1659. The first entry (reference is here made to children only) is "John, the son of John Patrick, was *baptized* the 6th day of January" [1653]. The next is "Rich: the son of Robt. Heaton was [*baptized* was first written, then it was—clearly—erased and *'borne'* substituted] the xxiijth day of January." From that time onward until the end of 1658 there are about eighty records relating to children. In every case but one, the word used is "borne." The only entry of baptism is in Latin: "Catherina filia Thomae Holcot, cleri, baptizat fuit nono die Jul ij." There is a curious entry two years after Mr. Richard Woodrove's death. "Betterice the *supposed* daughter of Richard Woodrove was baptized June 13th

1661." (The baptisms had begun again as soon as Woodrove died.) Now Richard Woodrove himself died April 26th, and was buried April 28th, 1659, and his wife Dorothy had predeceased him, on June 23rd, 1658. Who, then, was Beatrice, his *supposed* daughter—and who was her mother? The register tells us nothing of this, any more than it tells us how Mr. Richard Woodrove found it consistent with his duty as Vicar of Darrington to leave eighty children unbaptized, as his own record shows he did. One fears that he, vicar though he was, was also somewhat of a time-server, more disposed to fall in with the Puritan views than to do his plain duty.

Of the very few entries in the Darrington registers other than those of births, marriages, and deaths, one notes the fact that in 1737 only one parishioner died, and was buried out of it—at Kellington. Also, there was only one funeral in the parish churchyard that year—it was that of a poor woman from New Malton, probably a traveller. In 1776 the vicar—or, perhaps, the parish clerk—was sufficiently struck by the occurrence to note that on Saturday the 16th of November Joseph Wright of this town died of a Fit of the Stone at the Star Inn at Pontefract, and was buryed the next day at five o'clock of the afternoon. There are records of two collections for the benefit of other parishes—Mr. Richard Woodrove, aforesaid, enters one of them under date 9th December, 1658. "Collected in our parish church of Darrington for the rebuilding of the Church Olwastrie [Oswestry] in the County of Salop the summe of iis. iiijd by us, Rich: Woodrove, minister ibide. Teste Rich: Warde and Hugo Aston. Churchwardens." The other is entered on May 8th, 1670. "Collected in ye Church of Darrington for ye Inhabitence of Cottonend in ye county of Northampton ye summe of two shillinges nine pence and delivered to Michael Heaton ye constable of Darrington."

A local instance of this system of collecting in churches

for the benefit of other parishes, and on behalf of deserving cases outside the parish, is found in the West Riding Quarter Sessions Records. To the Justices sitting in Quarter Sessions at Rotherham on July 16th, 1639, came one Nicholas Martin, of Cridling, " a paineful and laborious man, having nothinge to maynetaine himselfe, his wife, and seaven poore children but his hard labour." Nicholas had a sad story to tell to the Justices. He " goeinge to his labour early in the morninge, uppon 12 june last past, itt most unfortunately happened that a most sudden and lamentable fire happened in his dwellinge house, but by what meanes is unknowne, which verie suddenly burnte and consumed not onely the said dwelling-house, but also all his goodes therein, soe that noethinge will be saved, to the value of xxxli. and upwarde, to the utter ruyne of him, his wife, and children "—therefore he craved some kind help and benefaction in his distress—fire insurance having not then spread to the villages. And the Justices, having heard this sad story, did forthwith order that " the ministers of the severall churches and chappells within the Wappentackes of Strafforth and Tickhill, Staynecross, and Osgodcrosse," should publish the news of Nicholas Martin's misfortune to their various parishioners on some Lord's Day, and should collect their charitable benevolence for him in his present miserable and distressed estate. This, of course, was done in due course, but not with over-gratifying results. For to the Quarter Sessions held at Pontefract on April 14th, 1640, Nicholas Martin repaired, to inform the worshipful Court that things had not worked out as well as he could have wished, and that there had been but " collected and gathered in all those Wappentackes the summe of five pounds or thereabouts which will noe wayes extend to satisfie his great losse." So the Justices made a second order, directing the assistance of all ministers and curates " within the wapentackes of Agbrigg and Morley, Barkston Ashe, and the burroughe of Leedes " on behalf of

the petitioner, who thus had half the Riding busied on his concerns. But what the result of that second collection was we do not know—Nicholas Martin is heard of no more.

In July, 1671, a death took place at Darrington which, doubtless, excited a nine days' interest in the parish. Mr. Alexander Blair, a Scotsman of much commercial standing, was riding through the village on his way to London—according to some accounts, to Edinburgh—when he fell from his horse in a sudden fit of apoplexy. This was on the 25th; on the 28th, never having been removed from the house into which he was carried, he died. The terse record of his obsequies shows how carelessly the registers were kept in the matter of being particular about proper names: it is entered "Mr. Alexander Clare, buryed August 2." But the inhabitants of Darrington have never wanted knowledge as to the real surname of this unfortunate passer-by, for his widow placed in the church a monument which is still there, with an inscription in which she took particular pains to draw attention to her own grandeur:—

> To the memory of that Just and Judicious Dealer, that piously well disposed Gentleman Mr. Alexander Blair of Aberdeen in Scotland Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London, and Merchant Factor to several parts in France and Scotland Who died the 28th of July 1671 in the 50th year of his age, by an Apoplexy, suddenly falling from his horse, of which he dyed three days after, to the great grief of his disconsolate widdow Mrs. Isabella Bruce, now Blair, who hath fixed
>
> This Stone for his Remembrance.
>
> Here sleeps obscurely (till that Glorious Day
> Shall disenvelop, his Ecclipsed Clay)
> A sincere soul whom though death did divest
> Of life so soon surprised in an Arrest,
> Yet left him time to put in Bail, and by
> A three days' respite, well prepared to die
> Nor may we deem, he was with more hast hurld
> Than with Good speed from this preposterous World

DARRINGTON HALL

Where by his peaceful converse he did antedate
A pre-fruition of his present State.
For Why ? His life was one continued act
Of kindness both in circumstance and Fact
Whose best devotion did consist in Deeds
Not in Gay blossomed Flowers but fruitful seeds
Sown with a liberal hand and chearful Heart
Seldom more prone to purchase than t'impart
Friends, kindred, neighbours, (if decayd or poor)
Kindly consider'd from his stock and store,
As though those earthly Blessings which heaven sent
Were in a literal sense, not given, but lent
These he returned, so largely at his Death
As if he ment to re-imburse his Breath
And live again remembered in the Grave
By those fair Legacies he freely Gave
Rest then blest Blair ! Blest in thy blood and name
Blest in thy well born Consort, and the fame
Of Pious Deeds, Rest here, till that most Just
Judge, shall redeem and raise thee from the dust.

Some sixty years after the well-born widow had erected this pious memorial, there was another man buried in Darrington Church who, if not a stranger to the village, had no more than a friendly acquaintance with it. Under date August 22, 1732, is the entry " Mr. Solomon Dupeer of the parish of Pontefract gent." Now around Solomon Dupeer, or, as it should be, Dupier, hangs one of the prettiest of mysteries, a mystery which would have entirely rejoiced Robert Louis Stevenson. Early in the eighteenth century there came to Pontefract, then a sufficiently out-of-the-way town for any man to lie snug in, a gentleman who had certainly ample means wherewith to cultivate the leisure and retirement which he evidently sought. Either with him at his first coming, or very soon afterwards, came another gentleman, one Captain Lay, also evidently provided for. They settled down ; they lived comfortable lives ; they cultivated the acquaintance of the townsfolk ; they took—at least Solomon Dupier did—a great interest in Darrington, to which they doubtless often wandered for a quiet morning

walk. Pontefract, ever since there is any record of it, was always a town for gossip and scandal: the Pontefract folk began to talk about these new residents—possibly somebody heard something. But, either during their lives, or very soon after they were dead, a tradition, said to be founded on solid fact, sprang up in Pontefract about Captain Lay and Solomon Dupier. It was said that they were either members of the Spanish garrison in Gibraltar, or residents in the town, at the time of the siege of that great Mediterranean fortress by the English forces under Sir George Rooke in 1704, that they betrayed Gibraltar to the English, and that our Government had awarded uncommonly handsome pensions to them for their services. So much for the legend—what is of real truth is that after Solomon Dupier's death in 1732 his widow, "in a cheerful and generous compliance with his generous intention," built the Market Cross at Pontefract, on the site of the old Cross of St. Oswald. For some reason or other Dupier had also generous dispositions towards Darrington, and by his last will he left to the poor of the parish four acres of land at Carleton, near Snaith, the income from which is still distributed in charity. His widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Dupier, presented to Darrington Church the communion plate which did service until 1880: a cup and paten of silver, a pewter flagon, and two plates. The cup was probably made by a Leeds silversmith about the year 1700; the paten, which bears the inscription giving the name of the donor, was made by John Fawdery of London in 1706. Mrs. Dupier died in 1734, and was buried in Darrington Church, February 3rd. There is a monument in the church which commemorates herself and her husband.

XIV

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS: 1550–1650.

THE political results of the Reformation perhaps affected none but the ruling classes in a really important degree; its social and economic results were at once felt by the poor folk in many disturbing ways, especially in the villages. "Rural life," says Mr. Montague Fordham, in his recent *History of English Rural Life*, "was greatly affected by the suppression of the monasteries and appropriation of their manors and other land by Henry VIII, he, whilst announcing his intention of disposing of these estates 'to the honour of God and the wealth of the nation,' proceeded to sell or to distribute them amongst his courtiers and others, who in their turn, in many cases, again sold the properties. One-fifteenth part of England, some authorities conjecture, so changed hands in the course of a few years; other writers think that far more land was dealt with. Probably as many as eight thousand monks, nuns, and friars were at the same time impoverished. Their dependents involved in this catastrophe may have numbered ten times as many. Eighty to ninety thousand individuals thrown, even temporarily, out of employ in the course of a few years must have caused much misery, suffering, and poverty. Moreover, the disappearance of the monasteries was a blow to agriculture, for some, at least, of the monks were good farmers, collecting information both at home and abroad, and constantly making experiments with seeds introduced from other countries; whilst

their successors were, to quote Sir Thomas More, ' covetous and insatiable cormorants ' who knew little about agriculture. These new men looked to their land to provide them with an income ; they wanted to secure money, either from sheep-farms or from rents. As a result, on the old monastic land, even in those places where there were no appropriations, the copyholders and other customary tenants who held at fixed and moderate rents, were often deprived of their land, and leaseholders, at higher rents, took their places."

Nevertheless, a certain section of the people increased in wealth and prospered. Those who already had wealth increased it under the new system. That period was a striking exemplification of the fact that very often in the history of this world times come when to those who have shall be given, and from those who have not shall be taken away. The new folk who came into the land came chiefly from the towns ; they brought with them the townsman's ideas of better houses, better furnishing, better surroundings, better food. The farmhouse became greatly improved ; a higher standard of living was introduced. There was more money about ; people began to take life more easily. In the latter half of the sixteenth century and first half of the seventeenth century all the conditions of village life, so far as material matters were concerned, undoubtedly improved—but only as regards certain folk. Just as in these days we have a millionaire class at one end of our social scale, and a mass of people who are always on the verge of starvation at the other, so in those times money tended to flow towards one section of the people and away from the opposite section. From the time of the Reformation onwards a new sort of poverty came into England. Up to that time the care of the poor had devolved upon and had been cheerfully carried out by the monastic orders and the Church Gilds ; when the monasteries were suppressed and

the gilds abolished, the poor had none to care for them. The old religious spirit of charity was replaced by the new commercial spirit of greed. The new clergy were more concerned about their wives and families than the needs of their parishioners ; more anxious to lay hands on tithes and dues than to relieve those in want ; many of them were pluralists, and in attending to the collection of their moneys from their various livings, had no time to consider the requirements of any particular one of them. The destruction of the Church Gilds (societies attached to the parish churches) affected the poor folk in a trying degree. The part which these gilds played in the pre-Reformation life of the villages has been little understood. They practically managed everything in the social life of the village community. They organized the village amusements and defrayed all expenses in connection with them. They were the village savings-banks. They were, on occasion, the village money-lenders. They nursed the sick, they buried the dead. No finer co-operative work was ever done in England than was done by the old Church Gilds. When they were swept out of existence in the reign of Edward VI a wonderful system was killed, and the poor folk paid for the killing. " The destruction of the wealth of the Church and the decay of the gilds," says Mr. Fordham, in his invaluable work already quoted, " left the poor in a pitiable condition."

And so came into existence the thing which, since then, every honest healthy-minded Englishman has loathed, detested, and cursed—the Poor Law. Do not let us imagine that Elizabeth and her Elizabethan—which means like-minded—ministers, who made the old Poor Law of 1601, made it for the relief of the poor. They cared no more for the poor than for the religion which had served the poor : their laws were made for the safeguarding of themselves against the poor. Henceforth the poor man, hitherto

regarded as a human being who was to be helped, was to be looked upon as a dangerous quantity, not far from being a criminal of a deep dye; he was to be fenced about. It mattered little that Christ had laid His special blessing upon the poor: folk who had torn the Blessed Sacrament from the altars, and broken the fonts into fragments, were not likely to care for the commands of Christ, or His Apostles, or His Church. And so no pity, no charity, was to be shown to the poor in future—by the community, at any rate: if there were any private individuals who cared to show charity or pity, if the parson cared to have a poor-box in his church, all well and good—the more fools he and they, said the law-makers: they, at all events, would make the lot of the poor so hard that even criminals should be better treated. No more charity for nothing—henceforth the poor man is a pauper. He must work for his dole: he must break stones, sort wool, pick hemp. If he cannot work, his own parish must keep him. If he will not work, he must go to a house of correction where he will be half-starved and savagely punished. If he tramps about the country he must be whipped from village to village until he gets back to that in which he was born. If—as in so many thousands of cases—he is a child, he must be bound to a trade, he must become that miserable thing, a parish 'prentice, worked to skin and bone, fed on a minimum, beaten all day long. "The poor villager" (to quote Mr. Fordham again) "who in the past had relied on the casual yet kindly charity of the Church, or of individuals, or gilds, was thenceforth to be treated, in common with tramps and sturdy beggars, under a severe system." Under that system he remained, too, until nearly a hundred years ago, when the revival of religion in England, and the exposure of our iniquitous Poor Law system in such books as Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*, began to bring about changes of feeling, and attempts, not even now quite satisfactory, at new legislation.

There are writers who attribute the next great upheaval in our national life—the Civil War of the Seventeenth Century—to the discontent which was spread amongst the masses of the people by the changed condition of things in the sixteenth century. They are mistaken. The vast mass of the rural population of England cared no more about the questions which separated Cavalier from Roundhead than they cared about what was going on in Poland at the same time. Few villagers were to be found in the ranks of either army: the ploughman stuck to his plough, the shepherd stood by his sheep. The Royalist forces were recruited from the aristocracy and the squirearchy; the Parliamentarian from the yeomanry and the shopkeeping class, strengthened by a certain admixture of sour-visaged country gentlemen who were equally ready to cut a throat or sing a psalm. According to all that one can learn from contemporary documents, the life of the villages went on very much as usual during the Civil War. Let us take Darrington as an example. Darrington, so to speak, is on the very threshold of Pontefract. At Pontefract was the strongest fortress in the North of England—a castle round which more historical deeds centre than round almost any other castle in England. When war broke out between Charles I and the Parliament, Pontefract Castle was garrisoned for the King by the Royalist gentlemen of Yorkshire under Sir Richard Lowther of Swillington. Between 1644 and 1649 it withstood three sieges—there were really four, if a small affair in 1645 is taken into account. Great things happened. All the great men of the day were in and around Pontefract. Newcastle was there; Lord Fairfax was there; his more famous son Sir Thomas was there; one of the Fairfaxes had his headquarters at an old house still in existence at Carleton, a mile from Darrington; Cromwell himself was in the neighbourhood for a time; he wrote a long letter to the Parliament from Knottingley, in which he spoke of Pontefract

Castle as one of the strongest garrisons in the kingdom, situated on a rock in every part of it; it was here that Cromwell's own particular soldiers first received their soubriquet of Ironsides. But in all the contemporary records which one can find of this great five years' struggle, at the very edge of its parish boundary, one hears nothing of Darrington or Darrington folk being intimately concerned, nor of anything relative to the siege taking place at Darrington, save that on Saturday, March 1st, 1645, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's relieving force, which had marched from Oxford, advanced from Darrington to the Chequer Fields, where a fight took place, in which the Parliamentary forces were defeated and withdrew towards Ferrybridge. There is no mention of any Darrington man having been killed during these operations—none, at any rate, in the parish registers, though there are two entries in the books for 1643 which seem to relate to military matters. One is "A soldyer buried at Darrington 28th Maye"; the other, "Another soldyer was buried at Darrington the xviijth of June." The names of these warriors are not given; they probably died while their regiments or troops were passing through the place. In a list of Yorkshire gentry who took active part in the Civil War, recently made by Mr. J. W. Clay, and published in the *Journal of the Yorkshire Archæological Society*, there is no mention of any Darrington or Stapleton man who took sides, saving the then owner of Darrington, the Earl of Sussex (Savile), whose great difficulty was that he never knew which side he really wanted to take—with the usual result that his indecision cost him dear. From all one can gather, the affairs of the parish went on very much as usual, men planting and sowing, reaping and garnering, in the accustomed way, while the primitive cannon flung their balls from Baghill across the valley into the grim walls built five hundred years before by the Normans under Ilbert de Lacy.

But when Charles the First had lost his head, and the regicides had come into full sway, things happened which Darrington folk doubtless felt much more severely than they felt the marchings and counter-marchings and the dull thud of the guns two miles away across the uplands. The Puritan persecution not only extended to Church and religion; it made itself felt, heavy-handed, in social life. England until the sixteenth century had been known as the most joyous and light-hearted of European nations; it had well-merited its title of Merry England; the folk had had their games, their sports, their mystery plays, their church ales, their wakes, their shooting of arrows from bows, their dancings, their innocent country pastimes. Some of these had gone at the time of the Reformation, but there was still plenty of mirth left until the dour and gloomy Puritan, with his long face and verjuice frown, came on the scene. Under his rule—enforced, of course, in the name of true religion—all these interferences always are in the name of something from which they are as widely separated as one pole from another—all innocent recreations were abolished—no more dancing round the Maypole, no more revels, no more Christmas mummings: to dance and to act were sinful. Sunday, once the true day of rest, whereon when men had done their religious duties they were free to amuse themselves, became days of horrible dulness and of perverted ideas; a Sabbatarian spirit was introduced which would have astonished the strictest sect of the Jews; man was told—with threats of fine and imprisonment—that the Sabbath was not made for him, but he for the Puritan notion of the Sabbath. The holidays, which had been gradually encroached upon, were now swept clean away from the rural calendar; it was sinful even to keep the feast of the patron saint. Once upon a time the people had enjoyed well-earned rest on the holy days appointed by the Church; now they were enjoined to be fully occupied on such days, which

were, of course, nothing but vain and fond things, stinking rags and putrid offal of Popery. And so a desperate dulness fell over village life, and if the hypocrite Puritans ever smiled in privacy it must have been when they reflected, with smug satisfaction, that they had robbed the simple folk of every jot and tittle of life and colour and wholesome mirth.

When those who govern once begin robbing those whom they govern, we may be certain that they never stop robbing until they have taken all that the despoiled have to yield up. The people had now been robbed of their cherished religion and of their parish gilds, and of their ancient amusements—the next thing was to rob them of their old rights to take game. For a thousand years village folk had enjoyed the right of killing and snaring on all common land, wood, and waste. There had certainly been a qualification instituted in the fourteenth century, by which the right to kill was limited to the two-pound freeholder. But that act had always been regarded as a dead letter : it would indeed have been impossible to carry it out. And the village people had always enjoyed the right of snaring and ferreting and netting, and had eked out their provender in that way without check. But the new class of landholders would have none of this : they wanted the game for themselves : poor folk, said they, should have no palate for hare or pheasant—that was meat for their masters. And so the seventeenth century saw this other old privilege swept away, and in the Sessions Records we begin to find instances like that of my Lord Savile (Earl of Sussex) of Darrington, who prosecuted two poor men for catching a couple of conies on a warren which had doubtless been the common land of their ancestors ever since Anglo-Saxon days.

But with all this new government of the poor, things did not work very satisfactorily for anybody. Grumblings

there were in plenty. The new officials did not seem to get on with their business. Some of them, indeed, either had very little stomach for their duties, or were openly contumacious. At the West Riding Quarter Sessions held at Doncaster in October, 1638, Richard Speight, of Darrington, husbandman, and John Smith, of Wentbridge, husbandman, being Constables of Darrington and Wentbridge, were charged that they, on October 1st of that year, in contempt of the Justices and to the bad example of other people, refused, on being ordered, to execute their office: the witnesses to their offence being Elizabeth Lodge and Thomas Holgate. What it was that Richard and John refused to do is not stated: they evidently considered themselves guilty, however, for they put themselves on the clemency of the Court, were convicted, fined 20s. and 10s. respectively, and duly paid their fines to the Sheriff. The new overseers of the poor, too, began to find that their office had its discomforts. At the Quarter Sessions held at Rotherham in July, 1640, John Pell, overseer of the poor at Darrington in the previous year, comes before the Justices with a petition. John, by order of that worshipful Court, has erected upon the waste at Darrington, a cottage, with the licence of the lord of the manor, which cottage is for the habitation of two poor widows. He has disbursed 49s. 4d. about that cottage, out of his own pocket, which sum is still unpaid to him, and he cannot get his money. The Justices order that the present overseers of the poor of the said parish of Darrington shall forthwith pay John the said 49s. 4d. and shall put that sum in their next lay or assessment: with which order John Pell is doubtless satisfied. Whether Dorothy Whitehead, of Darrington, is satisfied when the Justices sitting in Quarter Sessions at Pontefract in April, 1640, order that the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of the parish of Darrington shall pay her one shilling a week towards providing for herself and her three young children, we may take

leave to doubt, though one shilling went a long way in those days. Possibly no one was quite satisfied with the orders made by the Justices under the new scheme of things. There was a lot of squabbling and bickering amongst the various parishes in relation to the new Poor Law administration. The number of poor had increased terribly, and every parish wanted to get rid of folk who did not belong to it; poor folk accordingly were being perpetually moved on—just as the homeless man of to-day is always being moved on by the policeman. But, unfortunately—not so much for themselves, but for the parishes—many of them could not be moved on, because they were infirm in body, or had lost a necessary limb for moving on, or were cripples. Consequently, they had to be carried—and the cripple cart became a feature, quite a constant feature, of the highways and roads. Over the cost and charges of these cripple carts the parishes were constantly quarrelling—hence such passages as these in the Quarter Sessions Records. "At Pontefract, 23 April, 1639—Whereas divers differences are now depending amongst the inhabitantes of Darrington, Wentbrigge, Skelbrooke, Adwick, and divers other townes neare adjoynynge the roade way for the conveying and carryinge of criples from Doncaster unto Ferribrigge backwardes and forwardes, and divers severall orders have been made and conceived by this Court about the same finall endinge and determynyge of all which differences, *ordered* that Sir John Ramsden, Knt., Sir Thomas Wentworth, Knt., Sir Edward Rodes, Knt., and Robert Rockley, Esq., four of his Ma^ties justices of peace, or any two of them, shall examyne the differences or take a viewe of the way in question to conceive an order therein, the which both parties are willing to submit to, and the same to be confirmed by this court, but in the meane tyme the last order of this court is to stand in force to be obeyed by all parties."

The result of the enquiry so ordered was stated at the Quarter Sessions held at Doncaster on the succeeding 9th October, as follows: "Sir John Ramsden, Sir Thos. Wentworth, Sir Edw. Rodes, and Robt. Rockley, Esq., having viewed the highway from fferribrigge to Doncaster, certifie that they finde the same waye to lye from fferribrigge to Knottingley, from Knottingley to Cridlinge, with the Parke, and soe to Womersley, and from Womersley to Stubbs Walden, and from thence to Norton, and soe to Campsall, and from Campsall to Burghwallis and soe to Skellowe, and from thence the direct way to Doncaster, which waye doth appeare to be the ancient waye and more convenient than any other waye and therefore fittinge to be contynued as heretofore it hath beene, that the townes of Darrington, Wentbrigge, and Skelbrooke should not be hereafter troubled with carryinge and conveying of any such cripples or people with passes as of late they have bene. Townes discharged shall give contribucion xxs. per annum, viz., vjs. viijd. from Skelbrooke, and as much from Wentbrigge, and as much from Darrington—and that they conceived that there was no great difference in length betwixt the said two wayes :—This Court having perused the contents of the said Certificate doe conceive the same to be reasonable and confirmeth the same accordinglye."

Again. "At Pontefract, 14 April, 1640—Whereas itt was formerly ordered by this Cort that the inhabitants of Cridlinge and Stapleton shold pay unto the inhabitants of Darrington the summe of 5s. either of them, yearlye, for and towardes the chardge of conveyinge of cripples towardes Doncaster, and soe backe from thence northwardes, now for that the saide former order is not observed, but them of Cridlinge are chardged with conveying the said cripples towardes Doncaster southwardes, and soe from Cridling to Knottingley northwarde backe againe, *ordered* that the said inhabitants of Darrington and Stapleton shall, either of

them, contribute yearlye unto the said inhabitants of Cridlinge the summe of 5s. for and towardes their chardge as aforesaid."

It is a pleasing spectacle, this carrying of the infirm and the cripple along the highway, passing them from hand to hand like bad coin, and it must have made reflective men wonder if the pulling down of the monasteries and the religious hospitals, in which the poor had been relieved and the sick healed, had been, after all, such a very grand thing. Perhaps, however, men did not reflect very much in those days. We may be certain that the overseers of the poor, wanting to get undesirables off their hands, did not trouble to think at all of what might have been, but of what they had to do. As for the drivers and conductors of the cripple carts, it took them all their time to make their way along the roads. For the roads, even under the rigorous rule of the Puritans, were in a bad and perilous state. Even then they were, for the most part, little more than tracks—beaten, it is true, but beaten into mud, through which ran deep ruts. Wheeled vehicles were used as little as possible—most people rode on horseback, and as far as they could, carried their goods to market or fair on horseback. The fact was, the roads, nominally the King's, belonged to nobody, and nobody cared to take care of them—moreover, the art of road-making, in which the Romans had been so perfect, had been lost. Most people, too, only travelled short distances—to the nearest town or market. Folk who were obliged to travel far afield were always complaining, and the parishes were perpetually being worried to mend and improve their own particular stretch of highway. Nothing of a State nature was done in this way under Elizabeth, or the first Stuarts, or Cromwell. But in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, a principle which had long been applied to bridges was applied to the highways ; toll-bars were set up and charges levied, and the proceeds applied to road-

mending. Nevertheless, the main roads of Yorkshire remained in a poor state until the eighteenth century, when the famous Blind Jack of Knaresborough (John Metcalf) showed a wondering world what a sightless man can do in the way of engineering.

XV

THE SAVILE FAMILY

IT has been stated already that the Manor of Darrington passed from the Fitz William family to that of the Saviles by the marriage of Elizabeth Soothill, the daughter of William Fitz William's uncle-by-marriage, Thomas Soothill, with Sir Henry Savile of Thornhill, about 1520. It remained in possession of various branches and connections of the Savile family for the next hundred and thirty years. But the details of their possession are scanty and not a little confusing. The ancient house of Savile was split up into many branches—one gets puzzled between Saviles of Thornhill, Saviles of Howley, Saviles of Sprotborough, Saviles of Halifax, Saviles of Pontefract. What is more important is the fact that the Saviles were folk of mighty distinction. "The Saviles," says Miss Foxcroft, in her monumental and learned *Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, Bart., First Marquis of Halifax,* "are essentially a Yorkshire family; one of the most illustrious, if not the most illustrious in the West Riding of the County of York," and she quotes Whitaker, the erudite Yorkshire antiquary, as observing, in his *History of Loidis and Elmete,* that the Savile race was "distinguished almost above every other in the County of York, as well as by the spirit and genius of its principals in several of the later descents." Which of the later descents it was that held Darrington between the Fitz William time and the beginning of the reign of Charles

THE CROWN INN AND CROSS ROADS, DARRINGTON

the First—about one hundred years—it is difficult to make out. But we do know that at the outbreak of the Civil War, Darrington had for some years belonged to the somewhat famous Earl of Sussex, a Savile who, according to a pedigree in Miss Foxcroft's work just referred to, was descended directly from Robert Savile of Howley, an illegitimate son of the Sir Henry Savile who married Elizabeth Soothill, co-heiress of the Fitz William estates.

Of this Savile we have a good many particulars, for he was well known in his time for a variety of reasons. He was Sir Thomas Savile, second Lord Savile of Howley. He was created Viscount Savile of Castlebar in the peerage of Ireland on June 11th, 1628; on May 25th, 1644 (the year of the battle of Marston Moor, when Charles I's fortunes were very much on the decline) he was created Earl of Sussex. Twenty years before this he had been Member of Parliament for Yorkshire—1623 to 1625—and in 1638–9 he was Lord-Lieutenant of the County. About that time he was imprisoned in the Fleet. As regards his attitude to the Civil War, he appears to have been consistent in only one thing—his indecision as to which cause to side with. He was not only a wobbler between the two causes, but a person of doubtful character—"a man of so ill a fame," says Clarendon, "that many desired not to mingle with him, and was so false, that he never could be believed or depended upon;" while Burnet, in his *History of His Own Times*, accuses him of having forged the names of several of his brother peers in the negotiations with the Scots, and substantiates his charge with the proofs of it. He held the office of Treasurer to Charles I, but there is no record of his ever having held any command in the Royalist Army. He is known to have negotiated with the Parliamentarian leader, Sir John Hotham of Scorborough, about his estates at Howley: he is known, too, to have been imprisoned by the Parliamentarians at Newark, Oxford, and

London. Eventually he had to compound with the Parliament for his estates, and his fine was fixed at £8000, which was subsequently reduced by one-half. Born in 1590 he died in 1658, having been twice married—first to Frances, daughter of Sir Michael Sondes; secondly, to Anne, daughter of Christopher Villiers, Earl of Anglesey.

According to such evidence as we have, this Savile bought Darrington from another Savile, who is spoken of as Sir William Savile of Castlebar, Ireland—an instance of how the Saviles, of whom there are infinitude of branches, spread themselves about the realm. The lands sold were situate in Darrington, Wentbridge, and Smeaton, and the yearly value was computed at £200. The purchase price agreed upon was £4160. The date of the deed is 21 February 17 of Charles I—1642, the year of the outbreak of the Civil War. In spite of all the troublous condition of those times, by 1646 the Earl had paid off £2400 of the purchase-money, and in spite of the heavy fine exacted from him by the Parliament he was evidently in full possession of his estates at the time of his death. After his creation as Earl of Sussex, very little is heard of him, but some years ago his will was found at Somerset House (dated November 3rd, 1657; proved October 8th, 1659), and in it there is set forth that he was "seised of a good estate" in the manors of Kirkstall, Headingley, Burley, Morley, West and East Ardsley, Woodkirk, Gildersome, Liversedge, Bramley, Batley, and Darrington-cum-Smeaton. These estates passed to his son, the second Earl of Sussex. He died in 1671. With him the title became extinct: the lands passed to his sister Frances, who had married the Earl of Cardigan. A great number of the manors and lands just mentioned remained in the possession of the Earls of Cardigan for two hundred years, and those on the outskirts of Leeds were sold not many years ago. But as regards Darrington, it was sold by the Cardigans in

1709 to Robert Frank, a member of an old Pontefract family. In 1724 his daughter Elizabeth married Samuel Savile of Thrybergh—and Darrington thus came back into the possession of yet another branch of this remarkable Yorkshire race.

XVI

THE SAVILES AT STAPLETON

ABOUT the same time that one branch of the Savile family acquired the Manor of Darrington, another branch became possessed of the sister Manor of Stapleton. Here again one is like to become confused and puzzled amongst all the multitudinous ramifications of the Savile pedigrees, branches, and spreadings of themselves over the land. There were at or about this period Saviles of a good dozen places in Yorkshire; to say nothing of their connection with other counties. In the West Riding alone there were Saviles of Blathroyd, of Bradley, of Copley, of Haigh, of Howley, of Halifax, of Hullenedge, of Lupset, of Methley, of Mexborough, of Newhall, of Sprotborough, of Watergate, of Wath: one becomes utterly bewildered by these people who gave new members to the peerage, ministers to the Crown, Barons of the Exchequer, professors to the universities, soldiers to the army, and statesmen to the Houses of Parliament. And all that one can clearly or definitely say about the first connection of the Saviles with Stapleton is, that somewhere about the end of the reign of James I, or beginning of the reign of his son and successor, Bartholomew Holgate sold it to Sir John Savile, who was created Baron Savile of Pontefract by Charles I in 1628. But we do not hear much of him in connection with Stapleton—no more, indeed, than we hear of any Savile connection with Darrington at the same period. There is nothing whatever to

show that any residence was ever made at Darrington by the Earl of Sussex, nor at Stapleton by Lord Savile of Pontefract. It is questionable, indeed, if there was any house at either Stapleton or Darrington in which such persons of quality could have resided, at that time. The first house, built on the site of the present hall at Darrington, no doubt originated in Tudor days, but there is evidence, which will presently be forthcoming, that it was a very humble affair right up to the eighteenth century. Whatever manor-house there was at Stapleton was also, doubtless, very small, a mere country retreat, possibly no more than a sort of superior farmstead, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and it is very unlikely, considering the troublous times, and their own short tenure of the two manors, that the Saviles (of this generation) did any building at either Darrington or Stapleton. Nevertheless, there is some small amount of light on the matter, and one may indulge in a theory because of it. The Saviles, like all great families, had a lot of younger branches—folk who, in plain English, were poor relations. Being Saviles they had to be provided for, just as in these days great folk provide for their poor cousins and nephews by making them estate agents or stewards. Now in the Darrington parish registers of that period there are a few—only a few—notices in which the Savile name figures: such entries as " John, sonne of William Savîle, Esq. and Katherine bapt. February 26," and " Mary, ye daughter of Mr. Savile, baptized March 26," and so on. The probability is—and probability, as Bishop Butler is careful to insist in the introduction to his *Analogy*, is the very guide of life—that these Saviles, who were certainly residents in the parish of Darrington during the seventeenth century, were minor offshoots of the great folk, and were set down in these out-of-the-way manors to vegetate cheaply.

Be all that as it may, Sir John Savile, Lord Savile of Pontefract, had no very long connection with anything on

earth after he became possessed of his title. He died in 1630, and he left the estate to his daughter, Mrs. Anne Leigh. There is no mention of her in the parish register. She died in 1640, and she left her possessions amongst her three daughters. One of those daughters married a Braithwaite : that Braithwaite was a kinsman of that eminent person, Captain Richard Braithwaite, a Westmorland man who lies buried in the churchyard of Catterick, near Richmond, and who wrote, under the Englished title of *Drunken Barnaby's Journey*, the much-discussed doggerel (in which Wentbridge is referred to) which Robert Southey was good enough to pronounce " the best piece of rhymed Latin in modern literature." The Braithwaite who married Lord Savile's granddaughter seems to have had some residential connection with Stapleton, but there are few particulars of it : he may have been there when the vagabond pictured by his relation tramped up the Great North Road, past the Stapleton woods, between Wentbridge and Ferrybridge. But all that is indefinite : what is definite is that just about the time that Charles the Second came back to England, to find a people so glad to see him that he wondered they had been so long in sending for him, Stapleton had come into possession of yet another of its many owners—James Greenwood. In his possession, and in that of his son, another James, it remained until the end of the seventeenth century.

These Greenwoods came from Wrenthorpe. They were folk of a creditable and sufficient antiquity : Thoresby, the great topographer, who was a mighty hand at delving into the past, gives their pedigree in his *Ducatus Leodiensis*, and traces it back to 1154. The first James Greenwood of Stapleton, on acquiring the manor, let the house to George Fairfax, a kinsman of the famous family, and himself a man of reputation as a mathematician. George Fairfax was the son of Dr. William Fairfax, Rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill,

and Vicar of East Ham, who was bundled out of his livings by the Puritans, and imprisoned for conscience' sake in Ely House, his wife and family being at the same time turned out of doors. Many of the children of this George Fairfax by his marriage with Dorothy, daughter of Gervase Falconer, were baptized and buried in Darrington Church between 1663 and 1668. In Darrington Church, too, on October 16th, 1670, was buried their landlord, James Greenwood.

James Greenwood, the second, of Stapleton, appears to have lived there for many years after the Fairfax tenancy had come to an end. There are numerous entries about his children in the Darrington registers. And in Darrington Church, in the south arch of the tower, there is to this day an interesting memorial which has a connection with him. He had married Frances, the daughter of William Farrar, of Ewood Hall, near Halifax. Mr. Farrar died at Stapleton, while on a visit to his daughter, in 1684, and was buried in Darrington Church. His altar tomb of stone, on which is a small brass plate, the lettering of which is singularly artistic, was for many years previous to 1880 used as the communion table : when the church was restored in that year, it was removed to its present position. James Greenwood—who probably placed this tomb there—sold Stapleton in 1702 to Samuel Walker, of York, and to York James Greenwood himself retired. During the remainder of his life he lived in Swinegate, in a house which he had leased from the Bishop of Chester. In his will he left his children one shilling each, on the grounds that they had already been " over and above " provided for, but he recommended his widow to " distribute" what he left to her, on her own decease.

XVII

NEVINSON, THE HIGHWAYMAN

RICHARD BRAITHWAITE, who immortalized Wentbridge in his *Barnabae Itinerarium*, commonly known as *Drunken Barnaby's Journey*, was a gentleman of good family, of Westmorland, who, after various adventures at Oxford, where he was a commoner of Oriel College in 1604; at Cambridge, where he had Bishop Lancelot Andrewes for his tutor; at one of the Inns of Court, where he cultivated a taste for dramatic writing instead of attending to law books; and as a captain of a foot company in the trained bands, settled down at Catterick, in the North Riding, and became a model country squire. Whether he ever tramped up and down the country in his own person, as he makes his dissipated hero do, is doubtful: Barnaby, as the author presents him, is a scurrilous and obscene fellow, if a merry and witty one: Captain Braithwaite himself left behind him, says the old antiquary Anthony à Wood, the character of a well-bred gentleman, a good neighbour, a consistent Christian, and an upright man: moreover, instead of being a carelessly attired, frowsy loafer, as Barnaby is, he was accounted one of the handsomest men of his day in his last years, and was always so well dressed and appointed that his equals called him Dapper Dick. However, whether Braithwaite ever roamed the country or not—and he may have done, at some wild-oats period of his fairly long life—he certainly possessed a very remarkable knowledge of its topography, and of the

characteristics and peculiarities of the places he refers to in the *Barnabae Itinerarium*, as will be seen by his references to Wentbridge, which occur in the third part of that strange work :—

Veni Wentbridge, ubi plagae	Thence to Wentbridge, where vile wretches
Terrae, maris, vivunt sagae,	Hideous hags, and odious witches,
Vultu torto et anili ;	Writhen count'nance, and mis-shapen,
Et conditione vili :	Are by some foul bugbear taken :
His infernae manent sedes,	There infernal seats inherit,
Quae cum inferis ineunt foedus.	Who contract with such a spirit.

The reference here is undoubtedly to the witches or wise women who at that time were supposed to dwell in the wilds of Brockodale. One of these, at any rate, was a real person, Mary Pannell, who attained considerable notoriety in the parish of Darrington. Even in those days of the seventeenth century, despite all the light and learning which came into the country with the Reformation, people believed in witchcraft—not only common people, but people of education. Amongst a list of *Articles to be enquired into within the Archdeaconry of Yorke by the Church Wardens and Sworne Men, circa* 1630, is the following significant one : " Whether there be any man or woman in your parish that useth Witchcraft, Sorcery, Charmes, or Unlawful Prayer, or Invocation in Latin or English, upon any Christian Body or Beast, or any that Resorteth to the same for counsell or helpe ? " No doubt many Darrington, Stapleton, and Wentbridge people did resort to Mary Pannell what time she lived in her cave at Brockodale, somewhere amongst the limestone rocks overlooking the Went, for things became too hot for her there, and she went to other quarters at Ledsham. There she was eventually arrested, carried to York, sentenced to death for a witch, and near Ledsham she was duly burned at the stake. This was early in the seventeenth century ;

they went on burning witches and wise women in England and Scotland for another hundred and twenty years.

A much more wholesome and picturesque figure than Mary Pannell which was to be seen about Wentbridge in the second half of the reign of Charles the Second was that of Nevinson, the Highwayman, who—possibly because Wentbridge and its adjacent woods, and the dark and out-of-the-way ravine of Brockodale, made good retreats in times of peril from constables and thief-takers—spent many festive hours at the Old Gate Inn, a tavern which has long since disappeared, but is said to have stood near the corner of the road which leads to the Fox-and-Hounds and Thorpe Audlin. Nevinson, who is easily the first of English highwaymen, and who really performed most of the great feats attributed to a much later personage, Turpin, was a native of these parts, though there is considerable difference of opinion on that point, some writers affirming that he was born at Burton Agnes in the East Riding, some at Wortley, near Penistone, and some at Pontefract. It is also said that his real name was not Nevinson, but Bracy, and while he is called John in some writings, he is styled William in others. Considering his undoubted associations with Pontefract, there is good ground for believing him to have been born there. At Pontefract he certainly made the great leap on horseback which is commemorated in the sign of the alehouse on the upper Ferrybridge road—Nevinson's Leap, close by which he jumped his horse across a formidable chasm in escaping from pursuers. As regards what is known of his life, it is said that he began his career by stealing his father's silver spoons, ran away to London, proceeded to Flanders, saw military service there, came home, adopted the highway as a calling, forsook it, became a soldier again, returned to the road, and turned highwayman for good in the grand manner. He is said to have been a man of gentlemanly appearance and charming manners, handsome

of face, and of undaunted courage. That he was possessed of as much cunning as audacity is proved by his famous ride to York—usually attributed to Turpin, but without doubt actually carried out by Nevinson. The circumstances were these: During the early hours of a summer night, Nevinson, then operating in the South, committed a robbery somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gadshill, near Rochester. The idea of an *alibi* immediately occurred to him. He crossed the Thames at Gravesend, rode hard through Essex and Cambridge to Huntingdon, got on the Great North Road, and pressing forward at a continuous hard pace all day through Stamford, Grantham, Doncaster, Darrington, and Tadcaster, was in York long before sunset. He changed his clothes as soon as he arrived, and forthwith repaired to a public place of resort, where he contrived to have himself seen and spoken to by no less a person than the Lord Mayor. According to most of the accounts, he rode the two hundred miles in fifteen hours, on one horse. But if the robbery at Gadshill took place at, say, one or two o'clock in the morning, Nevinson would have, say, eighteen hours for his journey. Granted a good horse—and highwaymen always rode good horses—the feat is not so wonderful as it at first looks. But it was greatly talked of at that time, and it was doubtless the news of it that made Charles the Second confer on its doer the title of Swift Nick.

Whether Nevinson operated much in the neighbourhood of Wentbridge and Darrington, or whether he chose Wentbridge as a resting-place, one does not know. This quarter of the Great North Road was peculiarly favourable for the gentlemen of the High Toby. From the old Blue Bell Inn (the 1633 oak-board sign of which is still in evidence within the modern part of the house) to the Bar at Barnsdale stretched a particularly wild and solitary piece of road; from the top of the old coach road north of Wentbridge another lonely piece extended to Darrington; between the

Black Clump at Darrington and Ferrybridge was a third. Nevinson may have taken a fat purse hereabouts now and then, or he may have left this neighbourhood to one of his assistants, for he is commonly believed to have organized and been the head of a gang. His record shows that he was round about this part of the West Riding a great deal. And at last he was caught, and not many miles away from Wentbridge. In that curious collection of diaries and memoranda left by the old Nonconformist, Oliver Heywood (1630–1702) there is an account of the highwayman's arrest which is worth setting down precisely as Heywood wrote it :—" Upon Thursday March 6 168$\frac{3}{4}$," he writes, " one Mr. J. Hardcastle of Penthorp near Wakefield understanding that John Nevison, the highway-man was drinking at an Ale-house near Sandalcastle, took some with him, and so apprehended Nevison, brought him to Wakefield, Mr. White made him a wittiness, sent him to York, in midst of the Assize, the judg proceeded on his former conviction, condemnation some years agoe, he had his pardon, but it was conditional, if he would leave the kingdom, but he had stayd, so forfeited his life, the judg told him he must dye, for he was a terrour to the country, pronounced the sentence, which was executed on March 15 . . . he was something stupid, yet at the gallows confessed that he killed Fletcher (the Constable near Hooley) [Howley, near Batley] in his own defence, but did not betray his companions, there was none but he executed at this Assizes, thus at last he is found out, and taken to his mischief, his time was come, tho he had a long reign, he was born at Wortley, betwixt Peniston and Rotherham, Mtris Cotton lived in the neighbourhood, knew his parents and him when young, they were brought up prophanely he marryed a wife at an ale-house thereabouts, hath been a notorious wretch many ways, hath committed many robberys, had the country in such awe that the carriers paid him rent, duty, to let them alone others let him money,

that he might let them passe quietly, I have seen him passe ordinarily in the road, he hd his horse lately down the street at Wakefield, was generally known, yet none were so hardy as to lay hands on him, tho there was 20 li by proclamation to him that should take him, but he is at last gone, and hath left much debt at severall ale-houses in the country where he haunted"—one of them, no doubt, though the old Nonconformist does not say so, being the long vanished Gate Inn at Wentbridge. Nor does Oliver Heywood tell us that Captain William (not Mr. J.) Hardcastle, who arrested Nevinson at the Three Houses Inn, at Sandal, on the date mentioned, afterwards presented the finely carved oak chair, in which the highwayman was sitting at the time, to the parish church of St. Helen, at Sandal Magna, where it may be seen to this day.

XVIII

MANOR OF DARRINGTON : 1709–1750

THE ROBERT FRANK of Pontefract, to whom the Manor of Darrington, as part of the Cardigan estates, was sold in 1709, was a member of a Pontefract family of some standing in the seventeenth century. The names of two members of this family are mentioned in connection with the demolition of Pontefract Castle. After the final fall of the Royalist garrison, in March, 1648–9, when General Lambert took possession of the old fortress on behalf of the Paliament, the House of Commons resolved on its dismantlement, and the necessary order for destruction was made by the Committee of the West Riding at Wakefield General Sessions, on April 4th, 1649. The execution of that order was entrusted to Edward Field, Mayor of Pontefract, Mr. Robert More, Mr. Robert Frank, Mr. Matthew Frank, Mr. John Ramsden, Mr. Christopher Long, and Captain John Long, or any four of them acting together. The Robert Frank here mentioned was probably the father of the Robert Frank who bought Darrington, and whose daughter Elizabeth in 1724 married Samuel Savile of Thrybergh.

It is a curious peculiarity of the Manor of Darrington that from the Norman Conquest to the present day none of its owners, with one exception, have ever lived in its manor-house. The de Lacys never lived there ; the Fitz Williams never lived there ; the first Savile owners never lived there. The Sotherons, at a later date, may have lived there now and

then : the Sotheron-Estcourts and after them the Estcourts, modern owners, never lived there at all. Ever since there was such a thing as a manor-house or hall, it was occupied by the lord of the manor's bailiff or by tenants—with the single exception already alluded to. That exception was Samuel Savile. He appears to have lived at Darrington Hall from the time of his marriage to Elizabeth Frank until he died in 1735. We do not know much of him. He himself was buried in Darrington Church, July 1st, 1735. He had no son to survive him. His estates devolved upon two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth. Elizabeth died three years after her father ; the record is in the parish register : " Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir to Samuel Savile, Esq^re^ buried Sept. 26. 1738." Sarah Savile then became sole heiress. Her mother married again—she married Mr. John Hoare, of Pontefract. She died in 1749, and her second husband died in 1751. Both are buried in Darrington Church. And in Darrington Church, also in 1751, Sarah Savile, owner of the estates, gave her hand in marriage to William Sotheron of Pontefract—February 13th. She had evidently left Darrington Hall by that time, for she is described in the register as of Pontefract. But during the twenty-seven years in which she and her father between them held Darrington Hall, much of the present house and its surroundings was put into the form in which one now sees them. During the second Savile ownership the house was enlarged, restored, and made in accordance with the tastes of an eighteenth-century country gentleman. In the *Lansdowne MSS.*, in the British Museum, there is a sketch of Darrington Hall as it was about the end of Samuel Savile's life. It appears to have then been a building of the later Tudor period, recently modernized. And on the waterspouts at the north end of the house there are—or there were until recently—examples of Samuel Savile's crest—an owl on a torce.

XIX

MANOR OF STAPLETON : 1702–1749

DURING the first half of the eighteenth century Stapleton appears to have been continually in the property market. It was always being bought and sold. James Greenwood the younger sold it in 1702 to one Samuel Walker, a York man. Eight years later Samuel Walker mortgaged it to Nathaniel Wilson, also of York, but he evidently paid the mortgage off in 1721, for he was in full possession of it again by that time. This Samuel Walker was one of the churchwardens of Darrington in 1722, and a bell of that date bears his name. A son of his, another Samuel Walker, was a medical man, who appears to have practised at Pontefract, Wakefield, and Newark. He was an Alderman of Pontefract in 1718–19 ; in the last-named year he married Martha Medley of Pontefract at Darrington Church. In Darrington Church, too, Samuel Walker the elder was buried : there is a monument to his memory. He was then ninety years of age. But at the time of his death he was no longer in possession of Stapleton ; in 1736 he had sold it to the Honourable Anthony Lowther of Byram. In 1743 Viscount Lonsdale, acting for Anthony Lowther, sold Stapleton to John Smith of Newland : in 1749 John Silvester Smith sold it to John Boldero of London. Thus within under fifty years the Stapleton estate changed hands no less than six times. Of its various owners during that period not much is recorded : they make no particular figure in the parish history, nor in its register. But the

STAPLETON HALL

Lowthers were, of course, of the great Yorkshire family of that name, and John Boldero was a banker of London, of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. He held Stapleton for thirteen years ; three of his children were born there, and baptized in Darrington Church : John, on August 12th, 1756 ; Edward, on August 4th, 1757 (the register, oddly, says he was born on August 8th), and Charles, on July 21st, 1758. None of these early eighteenth-century owners, except the Walkers and the Bolderos, appear to have lived at Stapleton.

XX

CHURCH LIFE: 1700–1750

THE eighteenth century represents the low-water mark of everything English. Never in the history of the English nation was there a time so characterized by mediocrity, dulness, and lack of imagination. The reigning sovereigns were either thoroughly gross or unutterably stupid; the statesmen were opportunist, venial, and corrupt; the people were given up to a soul-wrecking materialism. There was nothing to redeem the prevalent drabness, and little to lighten the spiritual darkness. Had it not been for Pope, for Goldsmith, for Johnson, in the world of letters; for Sir Joshua Reynolds, in that of art; for Garrick, in things theatrical; for men like Watt, Priestley, and Brindley in science and invention; for certain of the higher class of clergy in the church, the eighteenth century would have presented itself to history as being devoid of one redeeming feature.

In no respect was eighteenth-century life worse, more hopeless, than in Church life—especially during its first fifty years. Religion in England was dead—for all practical purpose. Catholicism had been first strangled, and then burnt—if any of its ashes still smouldered it was in such obscure corners that no gleam of the scarce-living fire met the eyes of more than a few. To be a Catholic was to be a pariah; it was to court persecution, fine, imprisonment, confiscation of property. The Established Church, too,

had become a dead thing. Whatever spiritual power it had possessed in the reign of Elizabeth and of the Stuarts had vanished. It had no power to manage its own affairs. Parliament had taken that power which the Church once had into its own hands. The Church had no means of speaking on its own behalf—except through the lips of its Bishops sitting in the House of Lords. And at that time the Bishops were only a trifle less corrupt and worldly than the statesmen who gave them their bishoprics. Opportunist statesmen of the Walpole type regarded bishoprics as rewards to be given to clerics who served their party. Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor, made no secret of the fact that he regarded the vast number of Church preferments which he had at disposal as means of increasing his own political influence. The bishops took their colour from the folk who gave them their mitres—if they shepherded anything it was their own revenues. Men who got bishoprics regarded them as opportunities for aggrandizing themselves and founding wealthy families. Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, held, in addition to his bishopric, no less than nine livings : instead of attending to his episcopal duties, or visiting his livings, he lived the life of a rich country gentleman in the Lake District. Another Welsh bishop, Hoadley, never once visited his see of Bangor during his six years' occupancy of it. Even such a man of real learning and greatness as Butler thought it no shame, when he was Bishop of Bristol, to hold a canonry at Rochester, and the enormously rich benefice of Stanhope, in Durham. As the bishops were, so were the beneficed clergy. Pluralism and absenteeism were rampant —no one in those days thought any the worse of a clergyman who, by influence and favour, got hold of as many livings as he could, and put into each of them a half-starved curate. Outside the ranks of those clergy who had influence at their backs, the condition of the ministers of the Eastablished Church at the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne was of a

nature that is almost unbelievable. Queen Anne, to her lasting credit, did something to help them. Before the Reformation the clergy had been in possession of firstfruits, a tax originally levied in aid of the Crusades, and subsequently given over to the Church. At the time of the Reformation these firstfruits had been seized by Henry VIII, and every succeeding monarch had followed his bad example: Queen Anne restored them to the clergy, and how badly the clergy needed them may be gathered from the fact that on the eve of this reform there were nearly 6000 clergymen in England whose incomes were under £50 a year. But even after this reform the condition of the inferior clergy, the curates who did duty for the absentee rectors and vicars, was bad enough. In a curious book of that period, entitled *The Miseries and Great Hardships of the Inferior Clergy*, its writer, Thomas Stackhouse, a clergyman who never received preferment of any sort until his fifty-sixth year, gives us a significant view of the condition of things. "The salaries of the curates," he says, "were often less than the sexton's, and not so punctually paid; the rectors made jests upon their (the curates') poverty; the common fee for a sermon was a shilling and a dinner; for reading prayers, twopence and a cup of coffee." And naturally, with such things obtaining amongst its clergy, the services of the Established Church were slovenly, careless, and irreverent. For a hundred and fifty years the churches had been more like bare barns than houses of religion. The altar was gone, with all the accessories of Catholic worship: in its place was a communion-table, small and mean, hidden away behind a three-decker pulpit, from the various stages of which parson and clerk droned the service to such folk as cared to attend. They were not many. Those who did go were divided into classes. In the old pre-Reformation days all men had been equal in God's house; the knight knelt by the side of the labourer; the

fine gentlewoman at the hand of the poor man's wife. Now the rich folk sat in guarded pews ; the poor were penned in obscure corners of the church : men were equal, as Christians, no longer. Not that there was much of Christianity to be found in the churches, as a whole : at any rate, so far as actual practice went. Daily service had long since fallen into disuse ; nobody, outside the universities, the great towns, and the cathedral cities, ever dreamed of keeping feast or fast ; it was not even considered necessary to hold services every Sunday. Balleine, in his *History of the Evangelical Party*, says, that in the county of Essex, at this period, " only 102 out of 310 churches were even supposed to have two services on a Sunday, and some had only one service a fortnight, and some only one a month. Only twenty parishes had a monthly communion ; in the majority there were three or four administrations a year, and two had none at all." Nor were things really much better in places where one would have expected to find a higher standard, for Tomline (Bishop of Lincoln)—who was Dean of St. Paul's in 1800—says, that on Easter Day of that year " in that vast and noble Cathedral no more than six persons were found at the Table of the Lord." One reason, of course, of all this clerical neglect, and of the consequent indifference of the people, lay in the fact that, owing to absenteeism and pluralism, one curate often had to serve more than one parish in order to earn sufficient to keep himself alive. And, naturally, all such things as the visiting of the sick, the catechizing of children, the attention to parish matters which had been so zealously carried out in the pre-Reformation days, had by the middle of the eighteenth century almost entirely disappeared. Nevertheless, not all the clergy were self-seeking, careless, and time-serving. They were, probably, divided into three classes—the worldly man, the idle and dissolute man, and the pious, good-living man. We have two excellent and immortal types of the two last

classes in Fielding's novel of *Joseph Andrews*, published in February, 1742. Parson Trulliber is a coarse, brutish, avaricious, swinish man—swinish in two senses, for he is little better than a hog in his own manners and appetites, and his chief delight is in breeding pigs : he has no charity, no piety, no fine feelings ; his one concern in life is his own stomach, his own pocket. Parson Adams is poor as a mouse in his own church ; generous and charitable from the very goodness of his warm-hearted, impulsive nature ; a scholar, who never goes abroad in his parish or on his excursions further afield without a volume of his beloved Æschylus in the pocket of his patched and tattered cassock ; he has a heart and an ear for every man's concerns, but whether he is rebuking the squire for laughing in church, or drinking a cup of ale in the squire's kitchen (few clergymen ever penetrated beyond the kitchen in those days, and they often married the squire's cook out of it), he never forgets his dignity as the minister of Christ which he humbly endeavours to be. Such men as Adams there were by the score in the quiet places—Goldsmith had one or other of them in mind when he drew his never-to-be-forgotten picture of the village pastor :

> A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
> Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.
> Far other aims his heart has learnt to prize,
> More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
> His house was known to all the vagrant train,
> He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
> The long-remembered beggar was his guest
> Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast ;
> The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
> Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
> The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
> Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Of the various clergymen presented to the vicarage of Darrington after the Reformation there are few details available for any purposes of biography or history. In 1556 the assignees of the Prior and Convent of Pontefract, in whom the patronage was then vested, appointed, on October 17th, one William Fawcett to the living. From that time onward the patronage was vested in the Archbishops of York, in whose hands it still remains. Between 1590 and 1754 the vicars of Darrington were Thomas Whitehouse, instituted July 3rd, 1590 ; Michael Waterhouse, March 26th, 1593 ; Daniel Lyndley, June 6th, 1608 ; John Broke, November 18th, 1608 ; Thomas Pullin, February 14th, 1609 ; Richard Woodrove, January 26th, 1626 ; Daniel Hethfield, of whom no particulars are given ; Charles Proctor, August 15th, 1666 ; Richard Waugh, October 28th, 1670 ; Samuel Briercliffe, December 11th, 1679 ; Seth Agar, 1714 ; and Robert Burrow, who was instituted October 7th, 1717, and remained vicar until March, 1754.

Of Robert Burrow, Vicar of Darrington during almost the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century, and, consequently, during the period when the fortunes of the Established Church were at their very lowest ebb, we know a great deal that is interesting. He was the son of Thomas Burrow, head of an old Kentish family, who, at the time Robert Burrow was born, was living at Clapham, which, in those days, was a village well outside London. There are no records of the future Vicar of Darrington's schooldays, but he duly proceeded to Oxford, where he was entered at Queen's College. Nor is there any record of what he did

after that until he was instituted to his benefice of Darrington. His vicariate extended over thirty-seven years, and that he was not entirely an absentee vicar is proved by the fact that all his children were born and baptized there—Robert, December 5th 1718; Christopher, May 18th 1722; James, July 17th 1723. Moreover, he restored, and largely built, what is now known as the old vicarage, facing, re-flooring, and re-roofing the ancient house which had done duty for something like three hundred years. He carried on a laudable practice which had been begun by his predecessor Agar—that of entering in the parish register the callings of the persons whose names came to be inscribed there. From about 1715, therefore, we get some idea of what the people in the parish were doing in the way of work. Most of them, of course, were engaged in agriculture, but we find that in addition to farmers and labourers there were maltsters, house-carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers, and yeomen as distinct from farmers. Unfortunately, this practice fell into disuse after Burrow's death.

Whether Burrow remained long at Darrington after his entrance there, the birth of his children, and the repair of the vicarage, is doubtful. There seems to be evidence that he employed the services of a curate as early as 1723, for on August 5th of that year a certain Reverend Mr. Charles Willets had his son Lyonel baptized in Darrington Church. But that may be explained by the fact that in 1723 Burrow was chaplain to Sir Gerard Conyers, Lord Mayor of London, and during his year of office probably resided in London: Willets, therefore, may have been a locum tenens for a year only. He certainly had curates at a later period, however; one of them, Francis Drake, whose name first appears in the register in 1742, was son of Francis Drake, the learned doctor and antiquary of York, whose monumental work, *Eboracum*, was published in 1736. Drake, the curate of Darrington, was afterwards Vicar of Womersley, three miles

away, and he was subsequently Fothergill lecturer at the parish church of Pontefract. It was probably during his curacy of Darrington that Burrow retired to York, where he spent the remaining years of his life. He appears to have been a man of some learning, and in the earlier years of his vicariate he published some books. In the British Museum Library there is a copy of a pamphlet of his which contains the sermon on " Civil Society and Government Vindicated from the charge of being Founded on and preserved by Dishonest Acts," which he preached before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, at the Guildhall Chapel, on September 28th, 1723—the day of Sir Gerard Conyers's election. On the title page of this work its author styles himself LL.D., and he had for some time been known as Dr. Burrow. But though he was certainly a Master of Arts of Oxford, there is nothing in the University lists to show that he was entitled to assume a doctor's degree. In 1725 he published another work—a book called *Meletemata Darringtoniana : an Essay on Divine Providence,* and this was followed in 1726 by a *Dissertation on the Happy Influence of Society merely Civil.* In 1729 he preached the Assize Sermon at York. He does not appear to have used his years of retirement in any literary labour ; perhaps the genteel society of York afforded him sufficient occupation and amusement. There he died, about 1754–5, and was buried at Acomb, just without the city. The only memorial of him at Darrington is the coat-of-arms which he erected over the front door of the old vicarage when he restored it : its motto is *Considerate Lilia.* Those who consider the lilies are usually supposed to have small care for the goods of this world, but Robert Burrow left behind him a very handsome fortune.

XXI

FARMERS AND FARMING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ALTHOUGH various trades and occupations are mentioned in the parish registers as being in operation at Darrington during the middle of the eighteenth century, agriculture was then, and has always been since the very earliest times, the main industry of the village. The man who is set down as a maltster in the register was probably one who carried on malting at Pontefract, where malting was the great trade of the town until about thirty years ago. The weaver was most likely one of the very last of the old village weavers, who wrought in their own houses. There is no evidence that any malt-kiln, even a small one—which would be a building of some size—ever existed in Darrington, and there has been no hand-loom in the parish for a good hundred years. All the trades outside farming were dependent upon farming ; the carpenter made the ploughs, carts, harrows, waggons ; the blacksmith did the ironwork when the carpenter had finished with the wooden parts. The only other trade ever known in the village was that of the stonemason. He built and repaired houses and cottages ; he was a monumental mason, too, and the memorial slabs and headstones and box-tombs in the churchyard came from his shed.

In the eighteenth century farming in England gradually assumed a settled condition, and the eighteenth-century farmers owed much to the interest which began to be taken

in science as applied to agriculture in the preceding century. Much of that interest is due to Charles the Second, who was not only an experimentalist in science himself, but did a great deal to encourage research and investigation. The last half of the seventeenth century produced a big crop of theorists—books began to be published in which their writers set out particulars of new methods of farming. In Professor Arber's reprint of the booksellers' catalogues which were issued between 1668–1709 (an indispensable work to anyone who would know anything of the literature of that period) there are particulars of over one hundred books on Husbandry, and of many more dealing with sheep, cattle, and horses. What sort of books they were may be gathered from this copy of a title page: "*Systemata Agriculturæ*. The Mystery of Husbandry discovered. Treating of the several new and most advantageous ways of Tilling, Planting, Sowing, Manuring, Ordering, Improving, of all sorts of Gardens, Orchards, Meadows, Pastures, Cornlands, Woods, and Coppices. As also of Fruits, Corn, Grain, Pulse, New-Hayes, Cattel, Foul, Beasts, Bees, Silk-Worms, Fish, etc. With an Account of the several Instruments and Engines used in this Profession. To which is added, *Calendarium Rusticum*, or The Husbandman's Monthly Directions. Also the Prognosticks of Dearth, Scarcity, Plenty, Sickness, Heat, Cold, Frost, Snow, Winds, Rain, Hail, Thunder, etc. And *Dictionarium Rusticum*, or, The Interpretation of Rustick Terms. The Whole Work being of great Use and Advantage to all that delight in that most Noble Practice. The Third Edition Corrected; with one whole Section added, and many useful Additions through the whole Work. By T. W., Gent. [This was probably T. Worlidge, who wrote several books on farming matters.] Folio. Printed for T. Dring, and sold by R. Clavell at the Peacock in St. *Paul's* Churchyard, 1681."

To the writers about farming, the theorists, succeeded the

men who in the last years of the seventeenth century and throughout the whole of the eighteenth put the theories into practice. Between 1675 and 1800 England had many great apostles of high farming—men who set their brains to work to see what could be done with land which up to then had only been farmed on more or less elementary and primitive lines. The first of these was Jethro Tull, a man who was originally bred to the law, but who threw his wig and gown aside at an early period of his career, and betook himself to Oxfordshire, where he began farming experimentally. He invented the drill, using it first for clover, and afterwards for turnips and corn ; his great notion was that where you sow seeds by drilling you keep your land cleaner and freer of weed than you do if you sow broadcast. There is not much difference—save in the actual making and arrangement—between the drill of to-day and the drill which Jethro Tull first used two hundred years ago. After Tull came Lord Townshend. He, like Tull, forsook one career for another. He passed thirty years of life in the diplomatic service ; then he retired to his estate in Norfolk and began to experiment. His land was poor—almost valueless : by mixing marl with sand he turned it into a valuable property. He invented the four-course system—wheat for the first ; roots for the second ; barley or oats for the third ; grasses for the fourth. This system naturally tended to the better manuring of the land : it began to be followed in all parts of the country.

Up to this time England had not been a great sheep-farming land—in the old statistics about food, mutton is very rarely mentioned—beef and bacon were the staple article, so far as meat was concerned. In a recommendation to the people of London to institute a no-meat day, approved by the Privy Council during the reign of Elizabeth, mention is made of the fact that in London alone 65,000 " beefs " were killed within a certain period—but there is no mention of " muttons." About the time of Queen Anne, and well into

that of the Georges, mutton was seldom seen on the table of folk who could afford whatever meats they liked. Beef, roast, boiled, salt; veal; gammon of bacon; game; fish, salt and fresh—all these were on the board in plenty, but mutton was a rarity, though we hear of Andrew Marvell making his dinner off the remains of a blade-bone of mutton in or about 1665. Sheep, indeed, were not so much in evidence as oxen; up to 1750 mutton always fetched a penny or a halfpenny a pound more than beef. The first English farmer to improve the breeding of sheep was Robert Bakewell, a Leicestershire yeoman, who at his farm, near Charnwood Forest, created what is now known as the Leicester breed, a heavy-wooled animal which has been further improved since his time. Bakewell's Dishley Leicesters speedily became famous; his rams were sold far and wide, and it was said of him that he gave England two pounds of mutton for every pound she had previously produced. He was also a breeder of cattle, but in this department of farming he was soon afterwards excelled by his own pupil, Charles Colling, the first great breeder of Shorthorns.

Perhaps the greatest farmer of the eighteenth century—whose work, indeed, extended well into the nineteenth—was the famous Coke of Norfolk, who, at the age of twenty-four, succeeded to vast wealth and a widespreading estate at Holkham, in the northern part of that county. The estate was one of 3000 acres; when Thomas William Coke (born 1752, died 1842) came into it, it was so poor that old Lady Townshend, when she heard that Mrs. Coke was going down there, said to her that all she would see at Holkham would be one blade of grass and two rabbits fighting for it. There were no cattle whatever on the Holkham estate; of sheep, such as there were could only be fed with difficulty. But the new owner was a man of ideas and of vast energy. He dug up the rich marl which lay beneath his sandy soil, and

had it spread broadcast; instead of following the foolish local practice of growing three white crops in succession, he began to grow two crops, and let the land lie in pasture for two years; where there had only been a few sheep, he brought together a flock of 2500 Southdowns; he introduced Devon cattle; he planted hundreds of acres of oak, of Spanish chestnut, and of beech; he reclaimed 700 acres of land from the sea. In 1778 he began the series of sheep-shearing gatherings which became famous throughout England as "Coke's Clippings"; he kept them up until 1821. At these, people came from far and near to enjoy his hospitality; landlords, farmers, stewards, scientists, great folk from home and abroad; at the last "Clipping" there were 7000 people present. Never was such a farmer as this Norfolk squire, who found his land only able to produce rye, and left it one of the best wheat-producing districts in England. He, like Lord Townshend, was one of the earliest exponents of the four-course system, and their example rapidly spread all over the country. Coke was six times offered a peerage, and refused the offer on every occasion; but at last he consented, and in 1837 was created Earl of Leicester—he was the first commoner elevated to the peerage by Queen Victoria.

One result of the impetus given to farming in England by the labour of such men as these, and by the propagandist work of men like Arthur Young, who, between 1741 and 1820, wrote much on new methods of agriculture, and introduced notable improvements from abroad, especially from France, was the creation of quite a new class of farmers. The farmer of the old days had been what would now be called a small man—a working farmer who was little different from the day labourer who assisted him. With improved methods, better results, and an increase of profit, a superior class of practical agriculturist came into being, and in parishes like Darrington a new section of society was

introduced. The new farmers were men of some capital; instead of working themselves, they superintended the work of their labourers; they needed, and got better and larger houses and more roomy buildings; the farms themselves increased in size. Where there had been in one village a score or so of cultivators who were set down as husbandmen, there were now four, five, or six—usually not more—large farmers, holding from 300 to 600 acres apiece. These farmers of the new sort had considerable advantages over their predecessors. The vast increase in production; the new markets made by the growing populations of the towns and cities; the high prices obtained; put money into their pockets at a rate vastly different to that at which it had dribbled into those of their grandfathers—the consequence was a distinct heightening of the standard of comfort. Where the husbandman of the Stuart and Early Georgian periods had been content to live in primitive simplicity, and to fare on plain food, and to go about little better attired than a mere labourer, the new farmer wanted better clothing, better feeding, better furnishing. He was able to afford all these things and more: in spite of the high rents which naturally followed upon the improvement in farming, in spite of the serious weight of taxation, the farmer of the last years of the eighteenth century made money, and was an undoubtedly prosperous man. It is to that period that the large farmhouses of Darrington owe their origin—with one notable exception, that of the old farmstead at Wentbridge, so many years in the occupation of the Spink family, which goes back, in its main architecture, to Tudor days, and is, in all probability, the oldest house in the parish.

There was another cause for the increase of prosperity amongst farmers towards the end of the eighteenth century. The roads began to be improved. Until 1750 little had been done to mend matters in that way. The records of the various Quarter Sessions show that the parishes were for

ever squabbling and quarrelling about repairs—every parish did its best to spend as little money as possible, worked its hardest to shift expense on to some other parish, on to anybody who could be dragged in. The old methods of travelling were still in force. Nearly everybody who was forced to travel—and it was only people who were forced to travel that did travel ; travelling for pleasure was almost unheard of—performed his journey on horseback. There were scarcely any stage-coaches before 1750 ; private conveyances were very few ; the chaise, afterwards so much seen on the improved roads, was still a new thing when John Gilpin's wife, and her sister, and the four children, set out in chaise and pair to The Bell at Edmonton. The packhorse and the goods-waggon carried most of the merchandise about the country ; the broad strips of grass, still to be seen on either side of the Great North Road between Darrington and Wentbridge, were trampled into mud in winter, and dust in summer, by the live stock which was being driven to fair and market. With the coming of the Turnpike Trusts, which eventually controlled over twenty thousand miles of roads, matters improved ; they improved still more when the stage-coaches began to run with regularity. One of the first roads to be so improved was the Great North Road ; by 1740 it had become a first-class road between London and Grantham ; between 1740 and 1760 it was improved right through Yorkshire and the Northern counties and as far as Edinburgh. It was at this period that Wentbridge and Darrington folk began to become familiarized with people from far-away places ; stage-coaches were passing north and south by day and night. And every stage-coach driver cursed Wentbridge with might and main, for if he was going south he had to climb the long hill from the bridge to the Blue Bell, and if he was going north he had to whip, drag, cajole his sweating beasts up that difficult piece of ancient highway which still exists, a grass-grown relic of the

CRIDLING PARK FARM

past, above the new cutting which was made, with infinite trouble and at great expense, just before the railways came to drive stage-coaches off the roads for ever. All this road improvement, this increased facility for carrying goods, produce, merchandise, was beneficial ; the country widened out, so to speak, and for the farmer there were new advantages which benefited him greatly.

But while the landed proprietors and the tenant farmers increased in prosperity in the eighteenth century, the agricultural labourer went down in the social and economic scale. Ever since the Reformation the people of the villages had been steadily robbed ; the robbing process was still going on when George the Third came to the throne. They had been robbed of their religion ; robbed of their parish guilds ; robbed of their rights to snare rabbits on the common lands ; now, in the eighteenth century, they were robbed of their common rights over the unenclosed lands which remained. In almost every parish in England there was land whereon the poor man could feed his cow, his fowls, his pigs ; his forefathers had enjoyed that right for many a century. That right made all the difference between poverty and comfort ; it helped a man to eke out his wages, which, at any time, were small enough. But upon that right, upon these common lands, the new class of farmers, strenuously backed by their landlords, cast a covetous look. The demand for enclosure grew. It was insisted upon by large farmers and great landlords to a House of Commons which represented little more than the landed interest. So, in the eighteenth century, enclosure of common land began ; within a hundred years no less than four thousand separate Acts of Parliament divided up amongst landlords, holders of church livings, and large farmers with special claims, six million acres of land which until then had belonged to the rural labourers. The robbery of three centuries was complete.

Every student of our economic history knows the result of this deliberate thieving of the poor man's rights. While landlords and farmers were men of prosperity at the end of the eighteenth century, the labourers of the villages were poverty-stricken to the last degree. More and more of them became paupers. There were so many paupers, indeed, that the parish authorities were perpetually squabbling about them. The great object of every overseer was to remove from his parish any person who did not belong to it, to guard against anybody coming into it who might acquire a legal settlement (which was gained by forty days' residence), and, possibly, become chargeable to the rates. Consequently, the overseers of one parish were for ever going to law with the overseers of another over the ownership of paupers ; in one year alone—1815—the parishes of England spent more than £250,000 in fighting each other over such questions as whether John Smith, pauper, really belonged to Bullocksmithy or to Hogley-cum-Pogley. One pleasant and very common method of preventing people from getting a settlement in any parish was to pull down labourers' cottages—the landlords were great sinners in that respect. But however much the accommodation of the people was narrowed, poverty continued to increase, and the difficulties about providing for the poor, and the bickerings between the overseers, as to the legal responsibilities for their relief, went on, and in spite of the Poor Law Amendment Acts of 1834 and 1865, the condition of the rural population has never reassumed the healthiness which it possessed in the old days, when every man enjoyed his rights over the common land which was stolen from the people in the eighteenth century.

No one who has known the parish of Darrington during the last forty years, and has been able to compare it with other entirely agricultural parishes of the same size and of similar situation, can have failed to notice a remarkable

feature in it—the scarcity of game. In comparison with estates of corresponding size, the two manors of Darrington and Stapleton have scarcely any game to show—an American millionaire, desirous of renting an English country estate, in order to get even a moderate amount of shooting, would turn up his nose at either of them. Hares are few; pheasants are negligible; partridges might be reckoned by the score—even rabbits have to be looked for. The reason is one which has possibly not occurred to the people of to-day: it lies in the enormous amount of poaching which followed the enclosure of the common lands. The rural labourer, having been robbed of his ancient right to kill and snare on the common lands, having been robbed of the common lands themselves, set to work in the last half of the eighteenth century to rob the people who had robbed him. Never was there so much wholesale poaching and destruction of game in England as between 1750 and 1830, as a reference to the text of various Acts of Parliament will show. It became organised. There was a vast trade in poached game. Strong repressive measures were passed against poaching. And many a man who was expected to keep himself, a wife, and their children on six shillings a week, with no outside help, was sent to gaol for a year, and publicly whipped, for doing what his forefathers had done without interference from anybody.

XXII

VILLAGE LIFE AND THE METHODISTS

EVEN more serious than the social and economic disadvantages under which the village communities lived in the eighteenth century was the utter lack of religion which was manifested on all sides. Religion in England, in the middle of that century, had to all intents and purposes become a dead letter. Catholicism was almost extinct ; where it existed amongst a few ancient families or in the back streets of some big city it was the object of hatred and persecution. Reforms within reform had created new bodies of religious persuasion ; the Act of Uniformity of 1662 had driven out of the Establishment two thousand clergy, to found new sects. Amidst the new diversity of opinion the country folk fared badly ; nearly all the clergy of learning and ability in the Establishment were to be found only in London and the great town parishes ; the country clergy were ill-educated, boorish in manner, careless in their duties ; such of them as held good livings put in a curate, and never went near the scene of his labours. Whatever virtue there was in Nonconformity did not flow to the rural communities—not, at any rate, to those of the Northern counties. Consequently, in such villages as Darrington, religion, one hundred and fifty years ago, was at a very low ebb. " The majority of the people," says Dr. Tickner, in his recent *Social and Industrial History of England*, " were quite indifferent to questions of religion . . . large numbers of them were left without spiritual or moral

guidance . . . the Church was making no effort whatever for their spiritual well-being. Thousands never entered a church. Sunday had become with many a day of cock-fighting, drunkenness and vice. In 1751 Bishop Butler lamented the general decay of religion in the nation; the historian Hume described the English people as settled into the most cool indifference with regard to religion that was to be found in any nation in the world. Yet when matters had thus reached their worst, a large proportion of even the apparently indifferent remained at heart religious. Honest industry and respect for domestic life were still general amongst the middle classes and the poor. What was wanted was the revival of a practical religion, a fresh appeal to the emotions; the people would quickly respond to earnest preaching of this sort from whatever source it came. Such was the pressing need of the time, and as so often happens the time produced the men who could satisfy the need."

The men who were needed came; they sprang up at Oxford; in their work lay the seeds of the Oxford Movement of the succeeding century; they, in their way, were direct precursors of the revival of Catholicism which followed the repeal of the Penal Laws, and has since made such progress on all sides. A little group of Oxford students, devoutly religious men, weary of the terrible apathy which they saw around them, earnestly desirous of turning their fellow-countrymen in the direction of personal religion, began about 1738 the movement which is known to history as the Methodist Revival. Three men stand out in the history of this wonderful movement as great leaders—Charles Wesley as the writer of hymns which began to be familiar as household words wherever the English language was spoken; George Whitfield and John Wesley as preachers. In the North of England John Wesley was best known; it is still common talk in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire how, in his long life, he preached more than forty thousand sermons; thought

nothing of travelling his ninety miles a day on horseback ; lived on a mere pittance, and distributed nearly all he had to poor folk in need. There is no necessity to enlarge on the labours of John Wesley and the early Methodists : we are only concerned with them here in relation to the village life which we are discussing ; nevertheless, let us hear what Green, one of the most unprejudiced and impartial of modern historians, has to say on the effect which those labours produced on our common English life. " The Methodists themselves," he says, in his *Short History of the English People*, chapter x, section 1, " were the least result of the Methodist revival. Its action upon the Church broke the lethargy of the clergy, and the Evangelical movement, which found representatives like Newton and Cecil within the pale of the Establishment, made the fox-hunting parson and the absentee rector at last impossible. In Walpole's day the English clergy were the idlest and most lifeless in the world. In our own time no body of religious ministers surpasses them in piety, in philanthropic energy, or in popular regard. In the nation at large appeared a new moral enthusiasm which, rigid and pedantic as it often seemed, was still healthy in its social tone, and whose power was seen in the disappearance of the profligacy which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which had infested literature, ever since the Restoration. But the noblest result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. It was not till the Wesleyan movement had done its work that the philanthropic movement began. The Sunday-schools established by Mr. Raikes at Gloucester at the close of the century were the beginnings of popular education. By writings and by her own personal example Hannah More drew the sympathy of England to the poverty and crime of the agricultural labourer. The

passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen, supported Burke in his plea for the Hindoo, and Clarkson and Wilberforce in their crusade against the iniquity of the slave-trade. . . . The revival of the Wesleys (stirred) the very heart of England."

Nonconformity of the Independent type had been strongly in force in the West Riding of Yorkshire ever since the Act of Uniformity—1662—but its work was almost entirely confined to the large towns and to the villages on the Lancashire border. But it had never made any headway in the agricultural districts, and there is no evidence that, since the Reformation, any other form of religion than that of the Established Church had ever been known in Darrington until the first Methodist preachers came there. At what particular period of the eighteenth century the first whisperings of the new spirit reached Darrington it is difficult to find out. But Darrington is not many miles across country from Epworth in Lincolnshire, the home of the Wesleys, and Doncaster lies about half-way between them, and one may well believe that the news of John Wesley's having preached from his father's tomb in Epworth churchyard would be carried to Doncaster next market-day, and thence noised abroad all over the countryside. In John Wesley's journals there are only three references to the immediate neighbourhood of Darrington. On October 10th, 1745, having ridden southward from Newcastle, in the thick of the Young Pretender's rising, he came to Ferrybridge, "where," he says, "we were conducted to General Wentworth, who did us the honour to read over all the letters we had about us." On the 18th of March in the following year, again having come from the North, he was at Pontefract, but he only mentions the bare fact, and adds that he rode on to Epworth next day. There is nothing in the journal to

show that he was in this district again until 1772. His entry of July 29th, however, shows that his followers had just built a chapel in that town. "I crossed over to Pomfret (properly Pontefract)," he says, "and about noon opened the new preaching-house there. The congregation was large, and still as night; perhaps this is a token for good. Being straitened for time, I was obliged to ride hard to Swinfleet; and I had strength enough, though none to spare."

The first Methodist preachers who came to the villages adopted the methods of the Friars, and preached in the open street, or on the village green, or from a pile of stones on the wayside. As often as not they found themselves dragged before the justices, or thrown into the horse-pond, or beaten out of the place. This was the first stage; the second was reached when some farmer gave them the use of his barn, or some piously disposed woman offered her kitchen. The third and respectable—and, perhaps, because respectable, the least useful—stage arrived when their adherents built a modest meeting-house. All these stages were passed through at Darrington. Whether the first apostles of the movement suffered here the indignities so lavishly meted out to their brethren elsewhere, such local archives as the parish possesses do not tell us—they may have found themselves in the stocks, or hustled away by the constable—our forefathers had a pleasant trick (still preserved to us by savages) of manifesting intolerance by resort to force. But about the end of the eighteenth century, Methodism had become so respectable in Darrington that its adherents thought it high time to build themselves a chapel: a chapel was accordingly built. It remains to this day for the curious to examine as a good specimen of the village chapel of those days: a modest, unobtrusive four-square meeting-room, set away from the main street, and in the most obscure part of the village. Its interior, at the time of its use, was as modest as its exterior—it closely resembled the typical

Quaker place of assemblage. Everything in it was of a neutral tint—a nondescript drabness prevailed on pulpit, benches, and the small gallery of pews. It was lighted by candles, set in queer old iron standards; underneath the pulpit was a cupboard in which the candle-ends were treasured. Not until eighty years had mellowed its homeliness did instrumental music break on this primitive sanctuary; then a harmonium was placed in a corner, to satisfy modern requirements, and if the people who lived round about did not enter as regularly as the Methodists desired, they could at any rate sit on the steps of their cottages and hear strains to which they had hitherto been unaccustomed.

The first generations of Darrington Methodists were strict followers of John Wesley in one respect in which successive generations appear to have become heretical—they followed his command not to separate from the Church. Up to 1870, at any rate, the majority of Darrington folk who attended the Methodist service on Sunday afternoons had punctiliously visited the parish church on the Sunday morning—they were, in fact, the best Churchpeople in the place at that time. Moreover, they went to church for such matters as baptism, weddings, and funerals—most of them were communicants. The Methodist service was a sort of after-dinner luxury. Most of these old-fashioned Methodists would have been scandalized had anybody told them that they were schismatics; they regarded themselves as a species of gild or sodality attached to the Church: there are people who, despite the modern Methodists, believe that idea to have been in John Wesley's mind in establishing his societies and class-meetings. But those who start movements are seldom able to control them; leaders of all movements die, and other leaders step into their vacant places. As time went on, the Darrington Methodists departed from the Wesleyan precept and asserted a distinct separation—a generation sprang up which carefully absented itself from

church and became notoriously chapel-going. Like Jeshurun, it waxed fat, and began to scorn simplicity. The quiet old meeting-house, in which shepherds and ploughmen had preached their version of the Gospel, became too humble for this new race, and a chapel of ambitious design raised its front on the main street about the same time that the parish church underwent restoration. It doubtless satisfied its builders and designers—but why ugliness in architecture and English dissent are invariably so closely allied, is a question which no one has ever answered, and it is a mighty pity that those who build new chapels in our villages do not try to keep their work in touch with its ancient environment.

XXIII

MANOR OF STAPLETON : 1762–1814

DURING the last half of the eighteenth century Stapleton again changed hands several times. In 1762 John Boldero, after a tenure of thirteen years, sold it to Edward, Daniel, and Edwin Lascelles. Edward Lascelles held it for seventeen years ; during that time he made great building improvements, and brought the Hall into something of its modern state. This Edward Lascelles, six years after he sold Stapleton, inherited the Harewood estates in succession to his cousin, Edwin Lascelles of Gawthorpe, Baron Harewood, on whose death that title became extinct. It was revived in Edward Lascelles's favour in 1796—sixteen years later, he was created Viscount Lascelles and Earl of Harewood. The sale of Stapleton in 1789 was between Edward and Edwin Lascelles and Charles Philip, sixteenth Baron Stourton. Here again came a brief era of improvement. Lord Stourton whose title had been in existence since 1448, and who was head of a family which had remained staunchly Catholic, fitted up what was at that time known as the old chapel for the services of his church, and it was at one period served by the Jesuit Fathers, who had a mission at Carleton, in a curious old building still in existence on Carleton Green, and a residence at the house still called Leipsic Lodge. He made further improvements in the Hall, and he is said to have planted a hundred thousand trees in the Park ; he is

also celebrated as having been the last English country gentleman to keep a professional jester. His tenure of Stapleton, however, was just as brief as that of many of his predecessors; he sold it in 1800 to another Catholic nobleman, Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre, head of an ancient family more intimately connected with the South of England than the North. The Petre name occurs in various interesting and romantic passages of English history. One Lord Petre died in the Tower of London in 1683, a victim of the devilries of Titus Oates. Another figures in quite a different fashion in Pope's poem, *The Rape of the Lock*. The Lord Petre who acquired Stapleton, however, only held it for six years: in 1806 he sold it to Ellis Leckonby Hodgson. Nothing much need be said of him, but of his son, Thomas Bent Hodgson, a good deal used to be talked by old folk of fifty years ago, who remembered him and his doings very well. Thomas Bent Hodgson was a great sportsman, and from 1817 to 1826 was Master of the Badsworth Hounds. During his mastership he lived at Castle Farm, a homestead still in existence, which stands on an eminence just outside Stapleton Park, and commands an extensive prospect. He was further remembered for many years as having taken a victorious part in a notable election contest. In 1842 the important office of Registrar of the West Riding became vacant: Thomas Bent Hodgson, a Whig, fought for it against the Honourable Arthur Lascelles, a Tory. His great popularity as a hunting-man probably carried the day for Hodgson: he polled 1712 votes to his opponent's 1680, a nominal candidate, Mr. James Stephenson, receiving one vote only. A sister of this Hodgson, Mary Ellen, married the Reverend H. J. Torre, a descendant of Torre the antiquary: at their residence, Snydale Hall, Thomas Bent Hodgson died suddenly in 1863. But the Hodgson tenure of Stapleton had come to an end many a long year before these events. Ellis Leckonby Hodgson sold it in 1814 to

Juliana Barbara, second wife and widow of the ninth Lord Petre, and she, two years later, conveyed it to her only son, the Honourable Edward Robert Petre. Under him Stapleton entered upon the most exciting and adventurous years of its long history.

XXIV

MR. E. R. PETRE AT STAPLETON

THE Honourable Edward Robert Petre, owner of Stapleton from 1816 to 1834, was certainly the most interesting of its long and varied list of holders. In his day he was one of the best known men in England; on Stapleton itself he left certain marks and impressions which it will take a long time to efface. His career was highly picturesque, and even sensational: it ended in comparative misfortune—but the misfortune had a certain glamour over it. While ever Englishmen love a horse, a hound, and racing, the name of Mr. Petre of Stapleton is not likely to be forgotten.

Mr. Petre was the son of Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre (the former owner of Stapleton), by his second marriage with Juliana Barbara, daughter of Henry Howard of Glossop and sister of Bernard Edward, fifteenth Duke of Norfolk. On attaining his majority he came into a fortune usually said to have been £20,000 a year. He spent considerable sums in improving Stapleton Hall and its surroundings. He built a handsome chapel, with a vestry attached to it; this, when he sold the estate in 1834, was dismantled and was used for secular purposes, but has of late years been restored for use as a chapel-of-ease for Darrington Church. In addition to his activities in these directions, Mr. Petre took a considerable share in the public life of the county. He was High Sheriff of Yorkshire and Lord Mayor of York in 1830. He was elected Member of Parliament for York

in 1832, as a Liberal in politics, but he only sat for one Parliament and did not seek re-election when the next General Election came in 1835. In 1829 he married Laura Maria, daughter of Lord Stafford : they had one daughter, who died in infancy.

It was as a racing-man that Mr. Petre became famous in sporting circles in England. He began racing at a very early age. He had as a racing partner (the exact conditions of partnership between them are not easy to make out, but the connection was undoubtedly a close one) a man who in many respects was very much like himself—Mr. Rodes Milnes, well enough known on the turf, and in fashionable circles in London, a hundred years ago. Mr. Rodes Milnes was the brother of Mr. Robert Pemberton Milnes, the father of the late Lord Houghton, and grandfather of the present Marquess of Crewe. He was a good type of the Society man of the days when George the Third had fallen into insanity and his precious son had assumed the Regency. Mr. Rodes Milnes was a great personal friend of the Regent, and of Beau Brummel, and of all the rest of the men about town, between the time of Waterloo and the death of George IV. He was a man of wit and of pleasant temper ; like most careless men, he was extravagantly hospitable and generous ; above everything he was a great patron of the turf. His was a familiar figure on all the racecourses ; it was also familiar enough in all resorts of gaiety in London and at York ; and wherever gambling went on, he was there. In an age which produced more spendthrifts than any period of our social history, he was one of the biggest plungers of his time, and his utter carelessness in money matters became proverbial. Once, having had a particularly good day on the Knavesmire at York, he and Lord Glasgow stationed themselves at a window of their inn and made every passer-by drink with them. Not even Harry Mellish himself, the famous squire of Blyth, who once lost £97,000 in a single

sitting at Brooks's, and who took very little time to get through a princely fortune, was more careless than Rodes Milnes. And the end of Rodes Milnes, like that of Mellish, was ruin and bankruptcy. He came to it while his friend George IV was still disgracing the throne and disfiguring English life, and his brother, Mr. Robert Pemberton Milnes, very honourably and generously undertook to pay the spendthrift's debts, and in order to do it had to retire to the Continent and practise rigid economy for seven years.

How far Rodes Milnes was mixed up with Mr. Petre in actual racing concerns is not clearly known. But between 1820 and 1830 the Petre stables did great things. The success began in a queer fashion—and the first big profits of it undoubtedly went to Rodes Milnes. In 1822 Mr. Petre's horse Theodore was a starter for the St. Leger at Doncaster. Theodore (by Woful out of Rosalind, who was Blacklock's dam) was a good bay horse of considerable sorts and speed, but he was so lame, and so obviously unfit, when brought out to run, that Mr. Petre there and then sold his book and all his chances on him to Mr. Milnes for £200. Some of the most extraordinary bets ever known were made about Theodore. One man laid a thousand guineas to five shillings against him : another laid a thousand pounds to a new walking-stick. Then, John Jackson, the famous jockey, who had been retained to ride Theodore, emphasized matters by bursting into tears at being asked to mount such a crippled beast. Mount and ride him he did, however ; and Theodore, after a good start, went ahead all through, and won by four lengths. Rodes Milnes is said to have cleared several thousands by his bargain : as for Theodore, he subsequently added to his laurels by winning important races at York, Manchester, and Edinburgh,

But the great Petre success on the turf began in 1827. His entry for the St. Leger of that year included Matilda, a smart filly of the small order—she only just reached

WENTBRIDGE

14 hands as a yearling—who was immensely popular with the North Country crowd, but had to meet a very formidable opponent in Mameluke, winner of that year's Derby, for whom John Gully, ex-prize-fighter, Member of Parliament, and country gentleman, had recently given £4000. How Matilda beat the Derby winner on the post after a ding-dong race has been stirringly recorded by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle in a well-known poem, the last four lines of which are very frequently quoted—or misquoted—

> At once from thirty thousand throats
> Rushes the Yorkshire roar,
> And the name of the Northern winner floats
> A league from the course and more!

This was the beginning of Mr. Petre's extraordinary run of luck in connection with the St. Leger—it was continued by his victories in the two following years. In 1828, he won with The Colonel, a small short horse, of very fine speed, who, earlier in the year, had figured, with the Duke of Rutland's Cadland, in the first dead-heat ever run for the Derby. In 1829 his chestnut colt Rowton completed the set of victories—only once equalled in the history of the St. Leger, since its institution in 1776, by the successes of the Duke of Hamilton (then Lord A. Hamilton) in 1786–7–8. No owner has won the St. Leger three times in succession since Mr. Petre's day.

To the victory of Matilda, in 1827, Stapleton owes one of its most interesting features. In commemoration of the filly's success, Mr. Petre built over the fine range of stables at the rear of the Hall, a turret, in which he placed a bell (used in his time for ringing the Angelus), and a clock, which was made by Berry of Pontefract. Over the weather-vane above the turret is a very life-like figure of Matilda, Robinson up, running at full stretch : the clock, furnished with very silvery chimes, still gives the time to anyone within a mile

of it. In the stables beneath the turret, there were at one time a series of paintings, kit-cat size, which were supposed to be by the famous animal painter, John Frederick Herring. These have now been removed from the saddle-room to the house; two of them are undoubtedly signed by Herring, and Herring was certainly at Stapleton during Mr. Petre's time, and at Stapleton painted for him several portraits of hunters. For Mr. Petre was a great hunting-man as well as an owner of racehorses, and in 1826 he was chosen Master of the Badsworth Hounds. He kept hounds at Stapleton; at Stapleton, too, he brewed famous ale, and stored it in great vats, each of which bore the name of a celebrated horse. During his time, too, there was racing in Stapleton Park; at one of these meetings a young jockey was unfortunately killed by his horse bolting under the trees, and the proceedings came to an end. And everything came to an end in 1834. Mr. Petre had held Stapleton during eighteen eventful years—but it had to go, and he to go elsewhere He died in 1848, being at that time aged fifty-three.

XXV

THE BARTON FAMILY

AT Garraway's Coffee House, in Change Alley, in London, on the 30th May, 1833, Farebrothers, the famous auctioneers, offered for sale the Manor of Stapleton, its mansion, its gardens and pleasure grounds, its park, a thousand acres of land, and timber and plantations estimated to be worth twenty thousand pounds. No doubt the bills and papers which announced this sale described the old place in sufficiently glowing terms; whether they set out that it had a history extending to Anglo-Saxon times we may doubt, for real estate is invariably judged by its present value and not by its history. However, such an estate was not likely to go a-begging in any market, and on the 15th March, 1834, a formal assignment of the Manor, and its considerable appurtenances, was made by the Honourable Edward Robert Petre to Henry Barton of Burton, in trust for John Watson Barton of Saxby, in Lincolnshire, which assignment was duly confirmed by deed on April 2nd, 1834. Stapleton thus came into possession of a family which has now held it eighty-three years. No other individual owner had held it so long since the days of Warren de Scargill. According to one of the many archæological papers written at his leisure by the late Mr. T. W. Tew of Carleton, a great lover of antiquities and of local history, the new owners of Stapleton originally hailed from Cheshire, and in the eighteenth century were very prosperous merchants in Manchester.

About that time, they became possessed of the estates of Swinton in Lancashire and Saxby in Lincolnshire. John Watson Barton, the purchaser of Stapleton, married Juliana, daughter of James Hope, of Edinburgh, and cousin of Mr. J. R. Hope, the close friend of Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning, who by his marriage with the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott (whose name he added to his own) became possessed of the Abbotsford estate. Mr. John Watson Barton became a Justice of the Peace, and a Deputy-Lieutenant, but Stapleton had only been his six years when he died, in 1840. His son, John Hope Barton, M.A., Oxford (Christ Church), a magistrate, and High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1863, married in 1872 Florence Mary Annabella, a daughter of Henry James Ramsden, of Oxton Hall, whose wife, the Honourable Frederica Selina Law, was the daughter of the famous Lord Ellenborough. Four years after the marriage, Mr. John Hope Barton, then in the prime of life and vigour, died suddenly in the hunting-field. He was at that time Master of the Badsworth Hounds—an appointment of great distinction in these parts, in which he had succeeded the famous Lord Hawke of Womersley, and which was subsequently filled, some years later, by his son, Mr. Henry John Hope Barton, the present owner of Stapleton.

XXVI

THE END OF THE COACHING DAYS

ABOUT the time that George Stephenson was proving to an astonished world that henceforth men would travel by steam, a considerable piece of engineering of another sort was in process at Darrington. Ever since the stage-coaches began running regularly along the Great North Road, there had been much heart-burning amongst owners of horse-flesh and the coachmen about the difficult bit of highway which dipped suddenly into Wentbridge from the edge of the level lands at Dale Fields. In all the long stretch from London to the borders of Durham there was no piece of road of corresponding difficulty : not even the famous Gonerby Hill, near Grantham, said to be the steepest on the Great North Road, and duly commemorated as such in Scott's novel, *The Heart of Midlothian*, was so difficult, for whereas Gonerby Hill was of good surface, and a gradual, if terribly long, ascent, that of the Darrington side of Wentbridge was sharp, woefully steep for a quarter of a mile, and in bad condition. The long climb through the village street, on the south side of the River Went, was bad enough, but it was nothing to the abrupt burst on the north side. They had to keep relays of horses at Wentbridge to help the coaches and goods-waggons and family carriages up that hill, and it became a nuisance. And so, nearly one hundred years ago, they began the cutting of a new road, from the end of Dale Fields down to Wentbridge ; a stupendous task, which involved going

through and deep into a great mass of limestone rock for something like three-quarters of a mile. And they had just completed this task, and the coach contractors and the coachmen and the guards and the passengers were blessing them for it, when the railways came, and drove coaches and post-chaises off the highways for ever.

Since 1750 the traffic on the Great North Road had increased at a vast rate and to an enormous extent. Old people who were living in Darrington and Wentbridge only a few years ago used to tell tales of the constant going to and fro which existed up to 1845, when the last coaches ran through the two villages. According to them, the road was never free of traffic, and the various villages were what the railway stations are now. Darrington folk, of course, were close to one of the most important coaching centres—Ferrybridge. Whoever visits Ferrybridge to-day will not fail to notice the big houses of the place—great rambling vast-chambered places, which, although now made into tenements, have not and never can have lost the atmosphere of unusual spaciousness. These houses, with their adjacent stablings and coach-sheds, were all inns up to eighty years ago. All sorts of famous folk have stopped in them, for all people who could afford it in those more leisured times used to travel by day and take their ease in their inn by night. One traveller in particular was well known at Ferrybridge—it was at the old house on the north side of the river, near the bridge, that Sir Walter Scott used to stop, and there that he had a famous meeting with one of his London publishers—Ferrybridge being a convenient half-way house, as it were, between London and Edinburgh. The comfort and provision afforded by these wayside inns were of a vastly different nature to that given to modern travellers at our draughty railway stations ; instead of cheerless waiting-rooms, our ancestors found snug parlours and bright fires ; instead of ancient sandwiches and stale buns, they saw

prime beef and well-kept mutton. All along the Great North Road the inns were famous for accommodation and comfort. There was The Falcon at Huntingdon: nothing could be better, unless it was its rival, The George, in the same town. There was The Bell at Stilton—travellers would have been hard put to it to decide whether Stilton cheese or Stilton accommodation merited most praise. Then Stamford was full of good inns—The George, perhaps, was pre-eminent amongst them. There was no man in England at that day who had not heard of the glories of The Angel at Grantham—many a man's mouth watered at the mere notion of entering its ancient portals and taking a seat in its venerable oriel window. And further north there was The Crown at Tuxford—long since gone—and another Crown at Bawtry—still left—and a multitude of old-world hostelries in Doncaster, and there were the numerous inns of Ferrybridge, of which but one remains, and at Boroughbridge there was yet another Crown, which was so celebrated for its comfort, its food, and the geniality of its proprietors, that people used to make a point of staying at it whether such a stay was necessary or not. And before one got out of Yorkshire into the wilder country towards the Scottish border there was yet one more delightful wayside inn, The George at Catterick Bridge, which is little altered—so far as wood and stone go—at this day.

There were no great inns of this sort at Darrington, for it was only a place—though the most important place—on the Doncaster and Ferrybridge stage, and there was no changing of horses nor getting down of passengers there. But its Crown Inn, at the cross-roads, had some post-chaise traffic, and there used to be a legend in the village that somewhere between 1830 and 1837 her late Majesty, Queen—then the Princess—Victoria, her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and a lady-in-attendance, took some refreshment in The Crown parlour, in the course of a journey northwards. It may

have been so : one likes to think that it was so. But one gets on to surer ground at the old Bay Horse Inn at Wentbridge. That—now a private dwelling-house, and for some years a farmhouse—was a pretty busy place from about the time that Queen Victoria ascended the throne until 1874—not because of coaches and travellers, but through the needs of administrative justice. Here, in a large room still called—or which was still called a few years ago—the Justice Room, the magistrates of the West Riding held the Petty Sessions for the Upper Division of Osgoldcross, sitting every alternate Monday. Most of the cases brought before them were of a trivial nature—a great many related to poaching, for poaching still went on hereabouts until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, by which time there was little game to poach. Hence the number of gamekeepers and game-watchers (the various village policemen always figured largely in the last category) in that period, and hence the ancient Fox Feast held at the Bay Horse—as a convenient centre for the Badsworth Hunt district—every year. For gamekeepers and game-watchers could also do much to keep up and preserve a supply of foxes, and it was good that they should be encouraged by an annual banquet of solid meats and sound ales to pledge themselves to the support of fox-hunting.

But if the Justices who met at the Bay Horse in Wentbridge had, as a rule, nothing more serious than poaching to attend to, they certainly had, upon one occasion, a matter brought to their notice which was very much out of the common. Somewhere between 1830 and 1840 a tribe or group of gipsies, of exceptional physique, the men all very handsome, the women all uncommonly good-looking, used to haunt the neighbourhood of Barnsdale and Brockodale during the hunting season. As many as fifteen or twenty of them used to ride to hounds with the Badsworth ; the women, on these occasions, disported themselves in brown

habits and large felt hats of the same colour, with feathers ; the men wore knee-breeches, blue stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and brown velvet jackets with gilt buttons. Men and women alike were fearless riders, and they were always well-mounted. The gipsy love of a good horse was illustrated here in striking fashion. One of these people stole a horse, and he was detected and arrested. Thereupon his friends approached the magistrates sitting at the Bay Horse at Wentbridge and offered them a bag of gold, said to contain five thousand sovereigns, if they would refrain from committing the thief to York Assizes. This offer was, of course, refused ; the man was sent to York, convicted, and duly transported. After that, the gipsies disappeared, and their violins were heard no more at the country feasts and merry-makings, where, it appears, they had been in great demand.

XXVII

THE SOTHERONS AND SOTHERON-ESTCOURTS

IN 1751 the Manor of Darrington passed from the Saviles to the Sotherons by the marriage of Sarah, sole surviving daughter of Samuel Savile, to William Sotheron. That marriage is thus recorded in the Darrington Register : " 1751. William Sotheron of Pontefract, Esq., son of William Sotheron of Pontefract, Esq^{r} and Sarah Savile of Pontefract daughter of y^{e} late Samuel Savile of Darrington Esq^{r} were married wth Licence Feb. 13."

The particular branch of the Sotherons to which Samuel Savile's heiress thus allied herself appears to have been settled at Pontefract for something like two hundred years ; they were folk of means and of standing, evidently increasing their status as time went on. But the reference to Sotherons in the old Yorkshire deeds, wills, charters, fines, are multitudinous ; they appear to have been as numerous, if not so famous, as the Saviles whose Darrington lands now came into William Sotheron's possession. It is impossible to trace out the various connections between the various branches of them. One finds allusions to Yorkshire Sotherons a long way back in history. At the time of the Poll Tax of 1378 a Richard Sotheron, tailor, and Alice his wife, paid sixpence for his tax at Wadworth, in the Wapentake of Tickhill. Seventy years before that a John de Sotheron lived at Wakefield, and was frequently fined (according to the Wakefield Court Rolls) for allowing his servant-maids to gather sticks, and for letting his pigs

escape. Similar references to these are to be found in various records and registers. The Leeds Parish Church Register records that on October 31, 1579, Alexander Sotheron, Procter of the Spittlehouse at Beamsley (Wharfedale) had two children, Johan and Francis, buried on the same day. In the Adel Registers there are several entries relating to the baptisms, marriages, and burials of Sotherons between 1626 and 1668. In the *Testamenta Leodiensia* (Wills of Leeds, Pontefract, Wakefield, and Otley) it is recorded that in 1541 Thomas Forrest of Leathley (Wharfedale) left 6s. 8d. to his son-in-law, Richard Sotheron. There were Sotherons living about York in 1748 and 1749; two marriages of folk of their name are entered in the Minster Registers. Long before that, in the 15th year of the reign of King Henry VIII, a John Sotheron lived in the parish of St. Olave in York, and being worth forty shillings in goods, paid twelve-pence to the Subsidy levied on the York and Ainsty District. In the particulars of the Visitation of Yorkshire in 1584–5 and 1612 there is mention of a Margaret Dawson of Spaldingholme being married to Marmaduke Sotheron of Holme in Spaldingmoor. In 1577 a William Sotheron was one of four plaintiffs in a case brought against John Cartell *deforciant* respecting a messuage with lands in Holme in Spaldingmoor: he was concerned in similar cases in 1597 and 1601, and again, in company with John Sotheron in 1604. In the last-named year, a Robert Sotheron was one of several plaintiffs against Nicholas Foxe, gentleman, in respect of property at Ampleforth. From 1608 to 1614 various legal proceedings took place between William Sotheron of Holme and his (apparent) neighbours as to the ownership of property. There are several references to Sotherons in the Calender of Inquisition for the County of York, in the Public Record Office in London; they are mentioned therein as being of North Dalton or of Salton. In the Wills of the York Registry there are quite a number of

Sotheron entries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The places named therein are many :—Kirkby Overblow, Cottingham, Beverley, Seaton, Harthill, Rowley, Goodmanham, Sandal (near Pontefract), Clifford (near Bramham), Killingley, Brampton—but chiefly Holme, in Spaldingmoor. There is a reference to his friend Thomas Sotheron of Holme, gent., in the will of Peter Millington of Holme, made April 8th, 1658. A John Sotheron was in occupation of land in Kingston-upon-Hull, holding it of James Watkinson, merchant, in 1645, when its owner had to compound for it to the Parliament. But one might multiply these references almost *ad infinitum*. There are more in the Yorkshire Lay Subsidy (Yorkshire Archæological Society's Record Series, vols. xvi and xxi), in the Early Yorkshire Schools (the same series, vol. xxvii), in the Index of Wills from the Dean and Chapter's Court at York (the same series, vol. xxxviii), in the Yorkshire Star Chamber Proceedings (the same series, vol. xli), and still others in volumes xli, xciii, ci and civ of the Publications of the Surtees Society. All these are particulars of wills, probates, fines, seizures, and the like ; they are chiefly interesting to the antiquary.

But as regards the direct connection of the earliest Sotherons with their modern successors who acquired Darrington by the Savile marriage, the following particulars, furnished to the writer by the Reverend Francis Wrangham, are of great interest: The Sotherons apparently date back through the de Mittons, Lords of Mitton, on the Yorkshire-Lancashire border, to the Norman Conquest. Their ancestor was Ralph de Mitton. His descendant Sir Roger was the direct forbear of the Sotherons through his son Sir John de Southern, Lord of Mitton, and steward to Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I. His grandson, Sir Robert de Southern, inherited the lordship of Mitton. The son of this Robert, Thomas, also Lord of Mitton, had a son whose name is not known, who married Joanna, daughter of Sir

Simon Cusack, in the reign of Edward III. In the will of 1436 there is mention of a Robert Sotheron, of Durham, who had two sons, William Sotheron, clerk, and Sir Robert Sotheron, knight, of New Elvet. Sir Robert Sotheron's son, Rowland, had two sons, Sir William and Lewis; Lewis became a Captain in the Royal Navy of his time and commanded the *Elizabeth* of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1513–1517. His grandson, William Sotheron, was in his day a well-known merchant-venturer of Newcastle. He, in all probability, was the direct ancestor of the Sotherons of Holme on Spaldingmoor, who subsequently had a lengthy connection with Pontefract, and eventually came into possession of Darrington manor by the marriage of William Sotheron, of Pontefract, to Sarah Savile, of Darrington. From 1751 onwards there was considerable close connection between the Sotheron family and Darrington. The parish register contains several references, the baptisms of various children born to William Sotheron and Sarah Savile; the death of William Sotheron in January, 1790, and of his wife in 1797. Their son, another William Sotheron, died in February, 1806. Two years later a marriage took place in Darrington Church which brings us to the penultimate stage of the history of the ownership of Darrington manor. It is there entered in the register: "1808 Octb. Frank Sotheron, Esq^{r} of the parish of Kirklington in the County of Nottingham and Caroline Matilda Barker of this parish. Licence. Witns.—Robt. Ray, Louisa Barker, Ann Ray." The Frank Sotheron here referred to was an officer of high rank in the Royal Navy. He received the thanks of Parliament in 1799 for his services in connection with the attack against the Batavian ships in the Helder Channel; in 1802 he commanded the battleship *Excellent* in the Mediterranean Fleet under Lord Nelson, who entrusted him with the defence of the Bay of Naples, and he became Admiral of the Blue in the days when our fighting ships used to be divided into the White

Fleet, the Red Fleet, the Blue Fleet. His bride was the daughter of a Captain Barker of Darrington. They had only one child, Lucy Sarah, who was born May 23rd, 1811. By her marriage with Thomas Henry Sutton Estcourt, 21st August, 1830, the Darrington estates passed into the hands of a well-known South of England family.

Members of the Estcourt family did many things of note during the later Georgian days and the Victorian era. They had a close connection with Oxford University. Mr. T. G. B. Estcourt, a Corpus Christi man, was elected Member of Parliament for Oxford University in Hilary Term, 1826, as colleague of Sir Robert Peel. Dr. Pusey refers to his possible election in a letter dated February 5th, 1826: "If Mr. Estcourt is elected," he writes, "we shall have a thoroughly respectable country gentleman, of respectable talents also." Mr. T. G. B. Estcourt continued to represent Oxford University until 1847, when he retired: his successor was Mr. Gladstone. Mr. T. H. S. Estcourt, who added the name of Sotheron to his own on his marriage with Admiral Sotheron's daughter and heiress, had a somewhat more prominent career in politics. He represented Devizes in the House of Commons for some time; he was a Privy Councillor; in 1859 he was Home Secretary in Lord Derby's second administration. There is an interesting reference to him in one of Cardinal Newman's letters to J. W. Bowden, or, rather, in a note appended to the letter at a later period. "When the See of Salisbury was vacant in 1837," writes Newman, "it was said at the time that Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt (Conservative) went to Sir Charles Wood (Whig, and in the Ministry), both Oriel men, and said, Why not make E. Denison (a third Oriel man and their contemporary) the new Bishop? and that Lord Melbourne seized and acted upon their suggestion."

Mr. T. H. S. Sotheron-Estcourt's younger brother, James Bucknall Estcourt, had a distinguished military

career. Entering the Army as an ensign in 1820, and almost immediately exchanging from the 44th Foot into the 43rd Light Infantry, he obtained by purchases his Lieutenancy in 1824 and his Captaincy in 1825. In 1834 he was second-in-command in the Euphrates Expedition, and two years later bought his majority. In 1839 he was rewarded for his services in the Euphrates affair by a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. In 1843 he was appointed one of the Commissioners for settling the boundaries between British America and the United States, and from 1848 to 1852 he represented Devizes in the House of Commons. On the outbreak of the war with Russia he was gazetted Adjutant-General of the Crimean Army, and in 1854 became holder of the brevet rank of Major-General. He was a strong advocate of reform of the commissariat and transport service, and frequently wrote vigorous letters on these points to Sidney Herbert (Lord Herbert of Lea), who was then War Secretary. Lord Raglan said of him, in a dispatch dated January 23rd, 1855 : " General Estcourt and General Airey (respectively Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General at the time) work incessantly." Attacks were made upon General Estcourt by critics at home, but he considered them unjust. " I may be inefficient in comparison with many another man," he wrote to Sidney Herbert, " but I have not been negligent." Negligent he certainly was not ; he was, as Lord Raglan said, a tireless worker, an enthusiastic supporter of Florence Nightingale and her helpers, and incessant in his efforts to secure more comfort for the wounded. Six months after Lord Raglan mentioned him in the dispatch just quoted from, he was attacked by cholera, and he died in the Crimea, June 24th, 1855, just as the title of K.C.B. was about to be conferred upon him. Another member of this family, the Reverend Edgar Edmund Estcourt, achieved distinction in another field. The eldest son of the Reverend Canon Edmund William Estcourt, Rector of Long Newnton,

Wiltshire, he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1834, at the age of eighteen, graduated B.A. in 1838 and M.A. in 1840, and five years later formed one of the large band of distinguished Oxford men who became converts to the Roman Catholic Church. From 1850 he was a Canon of the Diocese (now Archdiocese) of Birmingham, and for many years was in charge of the Roman Catholic Mission in Oxford. It was to him that Cardinal Newman addressed the noteworthy letter of June 2nd, 1860, on the question of building a new Roman Catholic church at Oxford. " The Establishment," writes Newman, in the course of this letter, " has ever been a breakwater against Unitarianism, fanaticism, and infidelity. It has ever loved us better than Puritans or Independents have loved us. And it receives all that abuse and odium of dogmatism—or, at least, a good deal of it—which otherwise would be directed against us. I should have the greatest repugnance to introducing controversy into those quiet circles and sober schools of thought which are the strength of the Church of England."

Mrs. T. H. S. Sotheron-Estcourt, last of the Sotherons, died in July, 1870, and was buried at Shipton Moyne, the parish church of Estcourt, in Gloucestershire. After her death, Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt visited Darrington on at least one occasion ; in the chancel of the church he caused to be placed a very fine monumental tablet, to preserve the remembrance of his wife in " this parish which she loved as her natural home." Upon his own death the estates passed to his nephew, Mr. G. T. J. Sotheron-Estcourt, one time M.P. for North Wiltshire, who was created first Baron Estcourt of Darrington in 1903. He died in 1915, leaving no heir to the title, and the estates are now in possession of the Reverend E. W. Sotheron-Estcourt.

WENT HILL FARM, WENTBRIDGE

XXVIII

DARRINGTON: 1835–1875

BETWEEN the days of Robert Burrow, Chaplain to my Lord Mayor and writer of ponderous essays, and those in which Church life revived, a hundred and thirty years later, Darrington had four vicars, not one of whom appears to have had much inclination to revive anything. On March 2nd, 1754, John Jones was instituted; on January 24th, 1791, George De Smeth (Desmith or De'Smeth) Kelly; on May 1st, 1851, John Chaloner; on April 25th, 1831, George Pease. Mr. Pease, who came of a well-known East Riding family, held the living for forty-four years. There are many people still living in the parish, or in its vicinity, who remember him: the writer cherishes a keen recollection of seeing him in the old pre-restoration pulpit in his black gown and divinity bands. He was a quiet, highly respectable, eminently safe clergyman of a school which has become almost, if not quite, extinct; his character and performance as a parish priest may be summed up in what was said of him by a labourer when he resigned the cure in 1875. "I'll say this for t'owd parson," observed this—a somewhat shrewd—man; "he niver bothered us about wor souls." Nevertheless, certain improvements—of a material nature—were made about the beginning of Mr. Pease's time. Some amount of repair was done to the parish church; it was then, no doubt, that the horse-box pews were introduced, and furnished with hassocks and cushions, and that yet another coat of plaster and

another layer of whitewash was put on the walls ; whether the village instrumentalists, the fiddler, the man who officiated on the double-bass, the manipulator of the serpent, the flautist, who in later Georgian days sat in the middle gallery of the tower—the Royal Arms displayed beneath them—lasted into the new vicariate, one cannot say with certainty. But the old vicarage came to be considered out-of-date, and Mr. Pease entered into a new one, built in a park-like expanse on a pleasant sloping ground to the west of the village.

The forty-four years' incumbency of this last of the old type of parson—men who remained untouched by Oxford Movements, Catholic Revivals, Methodist stirrings—covered the most characteristic part of the Victorian era. We can gain a very good idea of what Darrington and Darrington people were like during that time by remembering what our fathers have told us. Between 1832 and 1875 many great things happened in England. There was the Reform Act ; there was the Repeal of the Corn Laws ; there was the great and marvellous transformation in the Established Church ; there was the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy ; there was the Crimean War ; there was the Indian Mutiny. The Great Exhibition was held ; the Newspaper Tax was taken off ; almost every Tom, Dick, and Harry received the Franchise ; Education came within the reach of all. But none of these things actually happened in Darrington—to listen to what used to be told one by the people who lived in Darrington in those days nothing ever happened there at all : nothing, that is, beyond the usual incidents of village life. The years came and went ; people sorrowed and rejoiced ; some came into the world and some went out—and to all of them, anything beyond the parish boundaries was, as it were, in a very far-off planet.

Nevertheless, from what we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us, we can gain a comfortable notion

of what life was in the village in the 'thirties, the 'forties, the 'fifties, the 'sixties, the early 'seventies of the wonderful nineteenth century : of the remaining decades we ourselves can speak from personal knowledge. And to begin with the farmers, the old substantial men who have slept for many a year in the ancient churchyard :—They were not averse to a little grumbling about bad times ; they were afraid of the Radicals, and especially of Mr. Cobden ; they said, now and then, that the country was going to the dogs, and they shook their heads in regret of the good old days (which, of course, were utterly and irredeemably bad—from *their* standpoint, at any rate, only they did not know it) and they exchanged dark confidences over pipe and glass—but they made money In spite of the repeal of the Corn Laws, in spite of high rents, heavy rates ; in spite of everything, all farmers—as a whole —made money between 1840 and 1870. That fact can be proved by a careful—which need not be an exhaustive—examination of wills proved in that period by farmers' executors. Our particular farmers were no exception. The Darrington farmer of that time was a comfortable man, a warm man, as the saying goes. He ate well, slept well, lay snug. He rode his horse or his pony round his land morning and afternoon ; he dozed over his hearth at night, or he gossiped with his neighbour. He drank so many glasses of beer, or so many of gin—no whisky in those days, unless it was Irish—before he went to bed ; he had a certain allowance of these liquors when he went to market on Saturday ; Saturday night, at home, he treated himself to an extra glass. But he was in the horse-box pew on the Sunday morning, and if he said with his lips that he was a miserable sinner, we may be quite sure that he qualified the confession in his heart of hearts, for he was an innocent being, and had got nothing to be miserable about. The labouring folk, too, of that period, had no great reason to be miserable. They were in steady work ; their wages were good ; their rents

were nominal ; most of them kept a pig ; some of them had fairly large gardens ; the allotments called Spring Gardens had come into being : the village working-man, indeed, had got something of his own back. Certainly, there were many poor folk, for even at that time no one had shown villagers how to be thrifty. But few of them went to the hated workhouse when it came into being, though many had outdoor relief brought to them by the relieving officer. Moreover, amongst the farmers, from all that one hears, there was a goodly spirit of charity towards their dependents. There was little, if any, actual poverty in the village. The present writer some years ago asked an aged Darrington woman, of exceptionally good memory, if she could tell him of any time in the old days—the 'forties and 'fifties—when things were bad for poor folk. After thinking for a long time, she replied that during the time of the Crimean War lump sugar was uncommonly dear—she could think of nothing else.

But there were drawbacks and disadvantages. A great many of the Darrington cottages were very old, and being old, they were very damp. It was quite usual, even in the 'nineties, to see the moisture running down the walls in rivulets. Consequently, most of the people suffered from rheumatism. A procession of aged folk would have revealed sad evidence of this. Old men pottered about on two sticks ; old women got fixed in elbow-chairs and refused to move out of them. Even the young and vigorous contracted rheumatism and muscular ailments at an early age. Nowadays we are told that rheumatism does not arise from damp or cold ; if that is so, then these Darrington people of sixty and seventy years ago suffered from chronic stiffness which began early and ended at death.

The general health of the people in those days was just about as good as it always is in places where the average life is lived out of doors for fourteen hours of the twenty-four.

But now and then there were epidemics. People used to talk of the time when the scarlet-fever came, or when the diphtheria was bad, or when they were all down with the typhus. There is no wonder. An open ditch ran down one side of the long main street ; the water looked clear and even sparkling, and the women used to fill their kettles with it—nothing easier than to step out of your door and dip your pot in. But there was death in that water, and there was death in a good many of the wells, which were sunk in close proximity to cesspools and the drainage of the farmyards. And so zymotic disease flourished now and then in Darrington until modern common sense and better knowledge closed in the open ditch, examined the wells, and finally set up a proper water supply.

Education in those days was in a very elementary condition—in more senses than one. A fine new school building had been set up over against the old Tithe Barn, and thither the children carried their twopences every Monday morning. But it was a poor twopennyworth which they received between then and Friday evening. They learned their catechism, and a few prayers, and half a dozen hymns ; they made some acquaintance with reading, and writing, and rudimentary arithmetic, and as most of them left school as soon as they could do anything which would bring in three shillings a week, they had forgotten by the time they were fifteen that they had ever been to school at all. As for the older folk, very few of them could read or write. They had never had the chance to acquire learning. They used to talk of some Dame school whereat scholarship could be had ; one heard in the 'seventies of an old man who kept a school in the 'twenties. But the percentage of illiterates was a very high one, and a man who could spell out the simple passages in the local newspaper was considered a great scholar. No better evidence of the prevalent illiteracy could be found than in the fact that at the little Methodist

chapel, well into the 'seventies, it was the practice to give out the hymns two lines at a time, scarcely any of the people present being able to read their hymn-books—though they invariably carried one, in company with a clean, lavender-scented pocket-handkerchief. Many years before that the same practice had obtained at the parish church, but in the forty years previous to 1875 scarcely any of the poor folk ever went to church—those who did were placed in the far corners under the old galleries, on the principle that only the quality, their servants, and the farmers, should be *seen* in the Lord's House.

There was very little crossing of the parish boundaries in those days, despite the arrival of the railways, two lines of which had come within a few miles of Darrington by 1850. It was only the farmers—as a rule—who went to market. If any of the poor folk went anywhere, at any time, it was the younger section, who repaired about Martinmas to one or other of the neighbouring statute-hiring fairs. It was the accepted thing to stay at home. Thirty years after the coming of the railways many Darrington people had never seen a railway line nor a railway engine. There were several people living in the village in the 'seventies who had literally never been out of the parish. Young labourers and young servant-maids who became hired out to places, say, beyond Doncaster, were wept over at their departure as if they were emigrating to America. There were no jaunts, no excursions, no half-day trips to football matches at Wakefield or pantomimes at Leeds. Only the farmers' wives and daughters went anywhere. It became the fashion for them to spend a fortnight at Scarborough or Bridlington, just as it became the fashion for their parlours to be furnished with a piano, to the accompaniment of which the daughters sang sentimental songs on weekdays and hymns on Sundays. As for the farmers, they never went anywhere for pleasure unless they were driven thereto by pain. When the twinges

of gout or the rackings of rheumatism became too unbearable they went to Harrogate or to Askern to drink the sulphur waters and try the baths. If by any chance they were obliged to go far afield on business, or to give evidence in London on some law case, they made their wills before starting out. That was regarded as a dire necessity. No properly conducted Englishman ever made his will except in sight of death or danger—as everyone knows who has had to do with the reading of many wills and the comparison of dates of execution and probate.

In spite of all the light and learning and intellectual improvement which—according to some people—came into the country with all the other blessings of the Reformation, the village folk of the Victorian era were full of superstition. Up to 1850 Darrington women used to send to a certain wise woman who resided at Cattle Laith, on the borders of the parish, for charms to make the cream gather in the churn. Not long before that the people used to buy charms to cure toothache, to ensure the satisfactory birth of foals, lambs, and calves ; even the farmers of George the Third's time used to fee a certain wise man of the neighbourhood lest he should send a blight on the crops. These members of the Middle Victorian family cherished a firm belief in the Barguest, a dog-like animal with lamp-like eyes, which could be either a protecting spirit or an evil one. They were just as firmly convinced that whoever saw a White Rabbit cross his path would die within a few hours. Some of the old women practised divination with a key and the family Bible ; others were still acquainted with the use of the sign of the Cross, and would repeat the Lord's Prayer backwards under stress of fear. Ghosts and goblins were universally feared, and he would have been a brave man who dared to enter the churchyard late at night.

The great events of village life in those days were the weddings and the funerals—but the weddings paled in

comparison with the funerals. The weddings were chiefly interesting to alien spectators, for the bridegroom was almost invariably attired in the garments which his father and grandfather had worn at their weddings, and had been kept in lavender in the family chest until further occasion offered. But the funerals interested everyone. Nearly all the old English customs were in evidence in Darrington up to 1875—the passing bell, the watching of the body, the lying-in-state and viewing of the body, the bidding of guests, the funeral feast. There was prodigious waste of money—the funeral of a well-to-do farmer cost a considerable sum, for everyone expected to eat and drink of the best, and to be presented with scarves, gloves, hatbands, and handkerchiefs. Even the poor spent on a funeral what would have kept a working-man's family for half a year. These customs were hard to kill—in such out-of-the-world parishes as this was then, burial reform, when it came to be advocated, met with scant approval. It was considered dishonouring to the dead not to inter him to the accompaniment of much crape-wearing and Gargantuan consumption of beef and beer.

All through this Middle Victorian period the old customs were kept up in Darrington. Pancakes were eaten on Shrove Tuesday; collops of bacon on the following Thursday; on May 29th—Royal Oak day—every child wore an oak-sprig and claimed holiday from the schoolmaster; egg garlands (the eggs of wild birds strung on cord, after being blown) were hung over the cottage-doors in spring. At the village feast (the first Monday following the Festival of St. Luke, patron saint of the parish) everybody kept open house, and folk came from far and near to rejoice with relations and friends whom they never saw but on this occasion. At Christmas all the old festivities were kept up, beginning on St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, when the women went Thomasing—collecting money from their betters. Troops of boys and young men went round mumming; children

carried round an image of the Holy Child ; elder children went a-wassailing, singing the old carols. Boys went from house to house on Christmas morning, chanting the old Nominies : the girls followed on New Year's Day. There was little difference between the things still done and the things that had been done hundreds of years before—but that little difference was a great one, for all the religious significance and association of their ceremonies and customs had long since died out of them. Not one person in a hundred knew what the meaning was of the Figure which the children carried in the box ; not one in two hundred knew why the village feast was kept ; all they knew was that these things had always been done, and that it was pleasant to keep them up. There were some other customs which were not pleasant that were kept up until the last quarter of the century. The barbaric Stang-riding—Skimmington-riding in other parts of the country—was one of them : its last celebration in Darrington, in the 'seventies, was suppressed by the police, greatly to the indignation of the villagers, who much resented, with angry protests, this interference with what they deemed their undoubted right to hold a husband-beating wife up to ridicule.

There was very little sport in the parish at this era—that is, amongst the working-folk. The farmers amused themselves with their guns, but there was no football and very little cricket. During the 'sixties Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt presented the young men of the village with a set of cricket material, and a cricket-ground was made in a field wholly unsuited to the purpose, but nobody beyond the carpenters and the blacksmiths and the grooms cared to play. The fact was that the average young labourer had no opportunity of playing at anything. Such a thing as a Saturday half-holiday was unheard of. Men worked from first thing on Monday morning until last thing on Saturday night. The young man who had some taste for cricket found it im-

possible to gratify it. It was half-past six every evening before he had finished his day's work : he then had to eat his supper ; by the time he had finished that, it was growing dusk. Sunday afternoon was the only time on which young labourers could have played cricket or football in those days —and in those days the cursed Sabbatarian spirit of the Puritans still lay on the villages like a nightmare. Yet, at that very time, far away in the South of England, Charles Kingsley, one of the best and wisest of country parsons, was encouraging Sunday games at Eversley, and was finding his young Toms and Dicks all the better for it. They would have been all the better for it at Darrington, where, in those days, and for long afterwards, the young men and boys spent Sunday afternoon lounging in idleness at the Cross Roads, unoccupied, unamused, and uncared for.

Little news came into the place at that period. The county newspapers, up to the repeal of the Newspaper Tax in 1855, were not what they became within the next twenty years. The *Yorkshire Post*, now one of the best and most influential journals in England, read regularly far outside the borders of the county whose name it bears, was not in existence in its present form as a penny paper until 1866 : its predecessor, The *Leeds Intelligencer*, had begun as a modest news sheet, in 1754. The *Leeds Mercury*, which began in equally humble fashion, in 1718, was also no more than an epitome of gathered news until 1855 : both it and the *Intelligencer* were, of course, weeklies. But in 1855 the *Mercury* began to be issued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays : its subscribers paid sevenpence a week for the three issues. It was the first Leeds newspaper to be published daily, and at a penny ; this happened in 1861. Many of the Darrington farmers took in the *Mercury* until the *Post* came out as a daily ; then they turned to the *Post*, because it represented their own Tory principles. But the rest of the people got such news as they could from

the Pontefract weekly papers, which were chiefly read in the public-houses. The news which interested them was the purely local news. It was only natural that this should be so ; it is only natural that it should still be so, even in these days. Folk who live all their lives in one place, to whom anything outside the parish is, as it were, in another world, are much more concerned to hear that somebody in the next parish has a lamb endowed with two heads than they are to learn that an intrepid explorer has discovered a new tribe in the centre of Africa. Africa is a long way off, but the two-headed lamb is close by.

Communication with that outside world, which to these villagers was such a vague thing, was just as elementary in the Middle Victorian period as the supply of news through the newspapers. Up to 1840 it was better—in one sense—than it ever was between 1840 and 1880. When the tide of traffic on the Great North Road was at its full height, much news came into the village. Coaches stopped at the Crown ; the coachmen got down to wash out the horses' mouths ; the passengers dismounted, and, like Mr. Squeers, went through a leg-stretching process at the bar ; the guard had letters and parcels to hand out. All these people brought news. But when the last coach had disappeared, the last post-chaise rolled by, little news came into the place. Scarcely anyone received letters. Until quite recently there were old people living in Darrington who remembered the letters being brought from Ferrybridge. They were brought irregularly—in bad weather the old woman who brought them allowed them to accumulate, sometimes for a week. As for telegrams, when they came in, not even the appearance of the Old Lad (vernacular for the Evil One) himself, in broad daylight, in the village street, could have been more terrifying than the advent of a mounted messenger with one of the foot-square pieces of pink paper on which the first telegraphic despatches were written out. In the opinion of

most folk nothing but events of the first and last importance could justify the sending of a telegram—such as that Bonaparte had come to life again, or that Mr. Cobden had been created a Duke, or that the young Queen was about to marry the Pope of Rome. And nobody could possibly be persuaded that any telegram, when it did come, contained anything but the news of a death—with the consequence that all telegrams were left unopened until all the household, and as many neighbours as possible, had been solemnly assembled to assist at the opening.

In those days the labourers had no votes : what is more, they had no desire to have votes. Their knowledge of politics was of a very elementary nature. They knew there were men who were Blues ; they also knew there were other men who were Yellows. Sometimes, they also knew, the Yellows governed the country ; sometimes the Blues governed it. The only statesman they ever heard of was Palmerston—who he was, and what he was, they did not know, but they had heard of him—perhaps because he once visited Pontefract and opened a new market-hall in that ancient borough. But they were sublimely and happily ignorant of everything political—Lady Warwick's beau-ideal of the intelligent peasant, Joseph Arch, had not his counterpart in Darrington, even in the 'sixties. And they were very happy without politics. Nowadays, when we are all Socialists, whether we like to be or not, when a government of all the talents has deprived us of all individual effort and bids fair to make us into a set of machines, we may look back on these voteless labourers and consider them happy people. They would have been just as happy if no vote had ever been given to them by fatuous politicians who believed that they were dying to have it. No labourer in these parts wanted a vote, no labourer knew what to do with it when he got it. Many mistakes have been made about the rural labourers in that respect—one, and perhaps the biggest,

was that he desired a vote in order to bring in the Radicals. Whereas the real truth is that no greater Tory than the rural labourer ever existed ; it would have been strange if it had been otherwise, considering that his three intellectual guides in village life, the squire, the parson, and the Methodist minister, were invariably Tory to their marrows. But he was a Tory of the quiescent order—the Toryism was deep down in his heart, and he had no desire that anybody should drag it to his lips or his fingers.

Nobody—well into the 'seventies—wanted to drag anything to the surface at Darrington. Nobody wanted anything new. The farmers were doing well ; the people, if not living in luxury, were at least comfortable ; some of them were prosperous. The great idea was to leave everything alone. And nothing was left so much alone as the Church. The Church, in 1870, typified Darrington life. The Oxford Movement—if we date it from Keble's famous Assize Sermon in the University Pulpit at Oxford, July 14th, 1833—had been then in existence thirty-seven years : it was many hundreds of years away from Darrington, so to speak. Since 1850 all sorts of surprising changes had taken place in the conduct of the services of the Established Church—no change had taken place at Darrington. The old church itself was still eminently Georgian. Its walls were colour-washed ; the beautiful pillaring was covered with innumerable layers of plaster and whitewash. There were three hideous galleries at the west end ; the Lion and Unicorn figured on the front of the middle one. The body of the church was filled with horse-box pews ; some fine old benches, with carved ends, were hidden away under the darkness of the galleries, for the poor to sit on. One half the chancel was filled with the Vicar's pew ; in it two of the misereres were placed for the Vicar's wife and daughter to occupy ; two other sedilia of the same sort were set at the end of the chancel, the middle of which was filled with

benches whereon the school-children sat to act as choir. The communion table was the old table tomb of William Farrer; it was covered with a dingy cloth on which the farmers used to set their hats, and the clerk his inkpot and writing materials at the vestry meetings. The services were of the drabbest and dullest sort conceivable; the sermons were moral essays, to which everybody listened in the spirit of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer":—

"I thowt a said whot a owt to ha' said an' I coom'd awaäy."

Nobody cared very much what anybody said in those days, so long as the even stream of village life flowed placidly on. It was a quiet and mellow time—and upon its quietude there suddenly came two new factors which drove it into the past for ever. One was the great agricultural disaster of the early 'seventies; the other, the coming of a new Vicar.

XXIX

THE AGRICULTURAL DISASTER

THE last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century saw English farming in a bad way, and many English farmers utterly ruined. It made matters no better that the change came with almost startling suddenness. Yet it had been expected, and not only expected, but foretold with assurance and certainty. Ever since the repeal of the Corn Laws and the beginning of Continental competition, not only as regards grain but in other products, one school of economists in particular had never ceased to warn landlords, farmers, and labourers that a time would come when agriculture in this country would receive such a blow as would stagger it to its foundations. But the Corn Laws were repealed, and foreign competition increased, and no blow came. For thirty years after the repeal of the Corn Laws farmers did well, landlords got high rents, labourers were comfortably off. There was scarcely any diminution in the corn acreage up to 1873. The foreign meat supply seemed to make small difference to the English producer. But suddenly everything changed. The Atlantic voyage, which at the time of the Corn Law agitation had been one of three weeks or a month for slow-steaming freight ships, had been shortened to one of seven or eight days—the superfluous grain of the new countries was poured into Liverpool quicker than a Yorkshire farmer could get his to the nearest wheat market. Wheat, too, began to pour in

from other places than America—it came from Hungary, Russia, South America. Cattle began to be dumped down in thousands where they had come in hundreds : wool came in from the far-off Australian continent, which increased steam facilities had placed, as it were, next door to us. The apostles of the Cobden school had forgotten that the whole world was being linked up, and that Free Trade opened a wide door in this country through which all other countries would hasten to thrust its goods. The farmer learnt the economic fact, with bitter emphasizing of it, in the 'seventies. He found that in his own particular industry he was suddenly face to face with the competition of the entire world. With this sudden startlingly developed rush of foreign competition came misfortune. No man in the world is so dependent upon weather as the farmer is : for the greater part of the 'seventies the English farmer experienced not merely spells but seasons and years of bad weather. For several years in succession crop after crop was ruined. To this was added further disaster. In 1879 came a terrible epidemic of sheep-rot ; millions of sheep died under it. It was followed four years later by an equally serious outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, in which vast numbers of pigs, sheep, and cattle were lost. It seemed as if a concatenation of evil circumstances were coiling itself about the English farmer with intent to choke the life out of him.

The climax of bad weather seasons came in 1879—a year which is still talked of with muttered whisperings and significant shakings of the head amongst elderly and middle-aged men. It rained all that summer in England, and the English corn crops were ruined. Not so the crops on the virgin soils of America. Wheat poured in from those wide-spreading cornlands in prodigious quantities, and it continued to come. Prices fell—and continued to fall. The average price of wheat for the twenty years between 1880 and 1900 was 33s. a quarter. But there were periods during

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that time in which it was far lower ; in 1894, for instance, it dropped to 22s. 10d. : in certain markets it fell, on an average, beneath 20s. This drop in the price of the principal commodity was accompanied by a serious falling off in the prices of other commodities. Cheese and butter fell steadily all through the bad times ; after 1885 sheep and cattle fell. Never was farming so little profitable ; in the expressive phrase of the Yorkshire farmer, there was naught to be made of it.

But there were other difficulties—minor difficulties, but meaning serious misfortune when they came to be lumped together. Many farmers had made use of woman and child labour. In 1876, a new Education Act forbade the employment of children under twelve, or under fourteen unless provided with a special certificate. Many a strong lad of twelve or thirteen was thus prevented from doing light work on a farm and earning a wage which would have been a welcome addition to the family exchequer. As for the women, the younger ones, who in certain North Country districts had done field labour for a good century, suddenly declined it, and set off for the towns to enter domestic service, or, tempted by the big wages, to lose their good looks in the heated atmosphere of the mills. About this time, too, began the exodus of the younger labourers to towns and cities : many farmers—as was the case with one Darrington farmer—imported labour from Ireland. Then came the importation of frozen meat from Australia and New Zealand : this made it less profitable to produce English cattle and sheep. Everything in the shape of food, in fact, began to come from abroad—eggs, butter, cheese, came in prodigious quantities from our next door neighbours across the North Sea. Free Trade was now in full swing with a vengeance, and while it might be a good thing for the town populations, it was death to the farmer—who, after all, was the long-suffering and patient representative of the

oldest industry that mankind has ever known, and still the greatest in this country.

Within ten years from the beginning of the really bad time the results were enormous. Landed proprietors found their incomes seriously diminished ; farmers, in spite of the wholesale lowering of rents, of constant reductions on the lowered rents, and of various shifts in the way of relief, were ruined ; the wages of the labourers fell. Sir James Caird estimated that between 1876 and 1886 the annual income of these three classes, landlords, tenant-farmers, and labourers, diminished by over £42,000,000. More bad seasons in the early 'nineties, further increase of foreign competition, only made matters worse. Until recent times—from a cause which no Englishman desired to see spring up—they have been little better, in spite of labour-saving machinery and less expense in production. What the future of agriculture will be when the present disturbance of European peace is over, is a question which will need very subtle and deep-reaching processes of thought and enquiry on the part of statesmen and economists before anything like a satisfactory answer to it is given.

Upon such a purely agricultural village as Darrington the effects of this widespreading disaster were apparent in the 'seventies, but more apparent in the 'eighties. The rents fell considerably ; even when they had fallen, reductions and allowances were always being made. Most of the farmers were men of substance, who stood to their farms : when they died, or if they left them, the tendency was to cut the farms up into smaller holdings : a bad thing, for no little farmer ever did any good to his landlord, his land, or himself. The wages of the labourers fell considerably ; an old wages book shows that men who were getting 20s. and 18s. in 1873 were glad to get 17s. and 15s. in 1890. Perhaps because food was cheap there was no great falling off in the standard of life and comfort. But conditions changed ; the

folk who had cleaved to the soil began to leave it. There were few cases of actual emigration, but numbers of young men began to leave the village for the town, and their ranks were increased as the various labour-saving machines were introduced. By the end of the first twenty years of this period of agricultural depression, Darrington had become an utterly changed place—the ancient characteristics of English rural life had completely passed away from it.

XXX

THE REVIVAL OF CHURCH LIFE

AT the very time of the beginning of decline in its one industry, Church life in the parish of Darrington saw the commencement of a striking revival. In 1875 the long incumbency of Mr. Pease came to an end. For some years he had been in a feeble state of health, and the duty was taken by a succession of curates, scarcely one of whom remained in the village more than a few months. On June 18th Mr. Pease resigned the living, and on the 8th September following the vacancy thus caused was filled by the institution of the Reverend Digby Strangeways Wrangham, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford, who for some years had been Vicar of South Cave, in the East Riding.

Mr. Wrangham came of an old and well-known East Riding family, closely connected for a long time with Hull and Malton. His father, Mr. Sergeant Wrangham, was a famous barrister who for some years was Leader of the Parliamentary Bar, and when the railways came into being was Counsel for the old London and York (now the Great Northern) Railway. and for the North Kent and South-Eastern Railway. He, however, was not greatly known in Yorkshire ; his father, the celebrated Archdeacon Wrangham, was, for many reasons. He was Vicar of Hunmanby, an ancient and deeply interesting village near Bridlington, and he was Archdeacon of the East Riding. He was a man of great literary tastes and abilities ; a poem of his, entitled

The Raising of Jairus's Daughter, published in 1804, is in the library of the Yorkshire Archæological Society. He was also the author of a well-known Cambridge epigram. In a small triangular plot of ground, adjoining Trinity Hall Lane, Dr. Joseph Jowett, tutor, made in 1793 a small garden, protected by a palisading; it was the object of much friendly ridicule, and on it Archdeacon Wrangham wrote these lines—

> "A little garden little Jowett made,
> And fenced it with a little palisade;
> But when this little garden made a talk,
> He changed it to a little gravel walk.
> If you would know the mind of little Jowett,
> This little garden don't a little show it."

There is a Latin version of this in Atkinson and Clarke's *Cambridge*. Archdeacon Wrangham was a great book-collector; an Oxford visitor, who stayed with him at Hunmanby, left it on record that the house was literally packed with books, from the cellars to the attics. He was one of Sydney Smith's few clerical supporters in the witty Canon of St. Paul's advocacy of the claims on behalf of Catholic Emancipation. Sydney Smith, it will be remembered, was Rector of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire for many years; he, therefore, had Archdeacon Wrangham as a near neighbour. On the point of Catholic Emancipation they were thoroughly in accord, and their advocacy of a tolerant policy was all the more striking because they found no support amongst their fellow-clergy in the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire. In March, 1825, a largely attended meeting of the clergy of Cleveland was held at the Three Tuns Inn at Thirsk; at this Sydney Smith made his first political speech, a warm defence of the Catholic claims, in the course of which he said that if those present intended to approach Parliament at all, then he should ask them to support a petition which he had drawn up in favour of

restoring civil and religious liberty to their Catholic fellow-subjects. But out of all the clergy present only two supported the author of the famous *Letters of Peter Plymley*. One was Archdeacon Wrangham; the other was the Reverend William Vernon Harcourt, son of the Archbishop of York, and father of the famous statesman, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Needless to say, a petition of a very different nature to that proposed by Sydney Smith was adopted by the meeting. But Sydney Smith soon distinguished himself by a further advocacy of what he firmly believed to be a measure of common fairness and justice; at the Tiger Inn, at Beverley, in the following month, he made another brilliant and witty speech, in which he satirized and ridiculed the arguments of his fellow-clergy. On this occasion Archdeacon Wrangham was in the chair, and again supported Sydney Smith. There is an amusing reference to the Beverley meeting in a letter addressed by Sydney Smith to his friend Mr. Davenport, a Member of Parliament. "I slept," he writes, "at the Tiger Inn the night before [the meeting], and asked the servants of the Inn what they thought of the Catholics and Protestants. I must inform you of the result. The chambermaid was decidedly for the Church of England. Boots was for the Catholics. The waiter said he had often (God forgive him!) wished them both confounded together."

Mr. D. S. Wrangham, the new Vicar of Darrington, was ordained in the old (undivided) diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, and was curate of Badminton from 1854 to 1859. Himself a grandchild of the Archdeacon, he married another grandchild, Agnes Augusta Raikes, the second daughter of Mr. Henry Raikes of Llwynegrin, near Mold; her brother, Mr. Henry Cecil Raikes, became a well-known statesman, and was Postmaster-General in 1886–1891, under Lord Salisbury. The Raikes family had long been famous in Gloucestershire by reason of the philanthropic work of

Robert Raikes, proprietor of the *Gloucester Journal* from 1757 to 1802, who was one of the first strenuous advocates of prison reform, and in 1780 founded at Gloucester the first Sunday-schools known in this country. Mr. Wrangham left Badminton in 1859, on his presentation to the Vicarage of South Cave, a village at the southern extremity of the Yorkshire Wolds. Here he found a church of no particular beauty or interest, and a large straggling parish, one part of which extended to the Humber. In this part, during his incumbency of sixteen years, he founded, at Broomfleet, a new parish, and built its church, its parsonage, and its schools. A man of considerable energy in organization, Mr. Wrangham, on his leaving South Cave for Darrington in 1875, immediately decided to undertake the restoration of Darrington Church, and within five years of his institution the much-needed work had been done. But before Darrington Church was reopened, after restoration, a new church had been built in the parish. Ever since the disappearance of the old Chantry chapel at Wentbridge, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the folk of that outlying township had been obliged to walk to Darrington for the services of the church. The distance was three miles ; it involved the climbing of a long hill ; in winter and bad weather it was a serious task to attempt. About the time that Mr. Wrangham came to Darrington, Mrs. Hope Barton of Stapleton decided to build a church at Wentbridge in memory of her husband. A particularly charming site on a gentle slope on the bank of the River Went, overhung by the fringe of the Brockodale Woods, was chosen, the work went apace, and in November, 1878, the new church, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, was consecrated by Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York. Sir Arthur Blomfield was the architect of the new church ; the organ was built by Messrs. Hill and Sons ; the stained glass was made by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls. With the building of Wentbridge Church the

ecclesiastical boundary of the parish of Darrington was so extended as to include the whole of Wentbridge village, which, up to that time, had been in three separate parishes —Darrington, Kirk Smeaton, and Badsworth.

Darrington Church, on the eve of its restoration, was, if anything, in a worse state than it had been for half a century. It was rarely used, except on Sundays, and on occasions of strict necessity, such as weddings and funerals, and to enter it was to enter upon an atmosphere of damp, dirt, and gloom. The services were slovenly; the introduction of an already nearly worn-out organ, which replaced a harmonium that had in its time replaced the fiddle, the bass, and the serpent of the musicians, had done nothing to improve the musical character of the liturgy. The parishioners were naturally beginning to lose—if they had not already lost—all interest in the church of which their forefathers had been so proud. Because it had always been the custom to do so, the farmers' families followed the example of the gentry and went to church of a Sunday morning; some few went again on a Sunday afternoon—but a suggestion that they should go thither on a Saint's Day, or on any festival which did not fall on Sunday, would have been met with amazement by anyone in the village, high or low.

From the purely architectural point of view, there is an excellent description of what Darrington Church was like before Mr. Wrangham's restoration of it in the late Sir Stephen Glynne's "Notes on Yorkshire Churches," which have appeared from time to time in the *Yorkshire Archæological Journal*. His description, and the date of his visit to Darrington, are given in the following extract from volume xvii:—

"*Feb.* 19, 1862. This church is in many ways very interesting. The plan is a nave with north and south aisles. Chancel with north chapel. Tower engaged in the west end of the nave and

south porch. The tower is originally Norman, and seems to have opened to the nave formerly by only a very narrow arch, part of which is still to be seen, on shafts with scalloped capitals and abaci, but a larger pointed arch has at a subsequent period been opened above it. The tower opens to the north aisle by an obtuse arch, to the south aisle by a pointed one. The west respond of the south arcade is also a Norman impost. The nave has beyond the tower on each side an Early English arcade of three tall and handsome arches upon circular columns having moulded capitals and bases. The roofs look modern, and are covered with slates. There is no clerestory. In the south aisle are some very good Decorated windows of three lights, having reticulated tracery. At the east end of the same aisle is a single lancet, beneath which is a moulded horizontal ledge and a pretty piscina having a foliated ogee surmounted by a horizontal battlement, and springing from shafts and capitals, and the whole set upon a moulded projecting ledge. The nave is neat, but fitted with pews and a west gallery, though some of the ancient carved bench ends still remain. The windows of the north aisle are square-headed and Perpendicular, but one set higher up the wall is Decorated, of two lights. The west windows of the aisles are lancets. The chancel arch is pointed, on octagonal columns with capitals. The chancel is large and handsome. The east window of five lights, good Perpendicular. On the south are three windows, the centre one Decorated of two lights, with some remains of good old stained glass ; the others plain Perpendicular of three and five lights, that next the east has the sill prolonged and panelled below, forming a sedile. Near it is a small rude piscina with trefoil head, these windows have panelling beneath them externally. There is an Early English priest's door on imposts. The north chapel is an addition to the original chancel, opening to it by a wide pointed arch broken in the wall, upon octagonal columns, of which the eastern has nail-heads in the capital. Eastward of this the wall looks as if it must have been an outer one, and has a lancet open now into the chapel. The chapel itself opens to the north aisle of the nave by a pointed arch rising straight from the wall, above which is a feature highly curious and singular, a stone gallery approached by a staircase within a square tower on the north-west side of the chapel or chantry. This gallery must have led to the rood-loft, and is lighted by three small arched openings on each side, look-

ing into the chantry and into the aisle of the nave. The chantry chapel is also curious from having a stone arched roof with ribs, something like the south transept of Minchin Hampton. The roof is high pitched, and has in its apex on the west side a lancet seen over the roof of the aisle. The east window is Decorated, of three lights, lately restored. Near it is an enriched corbel. The northern windows are Perpendicular, of three lights, merely mullioned and foiled. At the east end are two very fine stone effigies: a knight, cross-legged, bearing a shield charged with a saltier, and a lady with joined hands. The south porch is a fine Decorated one, of solid character and lofty, having a stone vault with the arched stone ribs so often seen in this part of Yorkshire. Within it a fine Early English doorway, having three orders of moulding and shafts with moulded round capitals. The tower is low and not imposing—it seems to have some Norman ingredients, but is partly debased. The belfry windows on the south and east are Norman, the west windows and doors are Late Perpendicular."

In spite of the fact that the restoration of the church was entrusted to a famous firm of church architects, there was some curious carelessness shown during the early stages of the work. Some of the beautiful old pre-Reformation glass was found lying in the churchyard by Mrs. Hope Barton, flung away by workmen who evidently did not know its value; much of it was already in fragments; such of it as Mrs. Hope Barton could rescue she caused to be carefully placed in one of the new windows. Mrs. Hope Barton also rescued several large tombstones which had formerly lain in the chancel and with some difficulty succeeded in having them replaced in their original positions. A visitor, or passer-by, during the process of restoration picked up a fine old brass, asked the workmen if he could have it, and carried it off with him—to keep, as a curiosity, for some ten years, when he gave it back to the church. A parishioner, bent on getting what he could out of the old place, carried off a panel of the ancient west door, and fitted it up in his pigstye; there it was discovered by the present vicar, Canon Atkinson, a year or

two ago. It is now framed and hung up near the position in which it figured for three centuries. It bears an inscription—*Hoc osti* 1582 *fecit T.B.*—which seems to show that the door of which it formed a part was made by a parishioner, Thomas Bankes, whose daughter Lucia's baptism is recorded in the register as having taken place in the year in question. About this time—and arising out of the restoration of the church—a most deplorable piece of vandalism took place in Darrington. Just outside the gate of the churchyard, in the lane leading from the main street of the village, there had stood for many a century the old parish stocks. They were in fairly good condition, despite the ill-treatment which they had received from generations of thoughtless youngsters. The bench on which the culprits sat, the two planks which made fast their ankles, the uprights which held the planks, though much worn and chipped, were still so intact that a very little renovation would have preserved them for centuries to come. Close by the stocks, on one side, was a mounting-step for horsemen ; on the other was what was undoubtedly the parish whipping-post, furnished with an ancient chain. All these relics of antiquity stood against the wall of the parish pound—called there the pin-fold. The pound was of great age—the pinders are mentioned frequently in the parish registers. Now stocks, whipping-post, and mounting-step were pulled down and swept away ; the wall of the pound was pulled down, too, and the pound itself gravelled and turned into an open space for the accommodation of carriages. No worse piece of bad taste in connection with an ancient village can be imagined : one finds it difficult to enter into the state of mind of people who could stand by and calmly permit such outrages to take place. But nobody protested, either inside the parish or out of it—and yet the whipping-post was probably unique, and in the whole of Yorkshire there are scarcely any of the old stocks left.

From his parishioners as a whole—leaving the door-appropriating gentleman on one side—Mr. Wrangham received as generous support in his efforts to restore the ancient church as the long-dead generations of Darrington folk had given to the church in other circumstances in other and different ages. The indifference of the past three hundred years was suddenly swept away ; those who had an interest in the parish and those who lived in it gave generously, and with admirable discernment as to particular needs. Three families in particular deserve record of their deeds. The lord of the manor, Mr. G. T. J. Sotheron-Estcourt (afterwards Lord Estcourt), gave £350 ; the Reverend E. N. B. Estcourt, £200. The executors of the late John Hope Barton of Stapleton, gave £500 ; Mrs. Barton the elder (widow of John Watson Barton) gave the reredos ; Mrs. Hope Barton (who had already built Wentbridge Church) gave £50, the frontal and service books for the communion-table, and a window in the north transept, which was largely made of fragments of pre-Reformation glass which had been in the old east window of the chancel. A very fine new east window was given by the members of the Badsworth Hunt, in memory of John Hope Barton, their late Master. Equally munificent were the gifts of the Lees of Grove Hall, a much respected family which had been settled in an outlying part of the parish for a hundred years. Mrs. Lee gave £180 and a new organ, at a cost of £500 ; Mr. W. F. Lee, in memory of his father, Mr. Richard Thomas Lee—a well-known and greatly honoured figure of the Mid-Victorian times—gave a new communion service, consisting of a modern chalice, paten, flagon, and alms-dish, specially designed by Mr. A. W. Blomfield, and made by T.P. of London. There were many other handsome special gifts and donations. Mrs. Sayle gave £140 and a new west window in memory of her husband, Dr. Sayle, a member of a family once settled at Wentbridge. Mrs. Oliver gave a two-light north window in memory of her

husband and brother-in-law, one time residents at Darrington Hall, whose parents are buried in the church. At a later period Mr. Wrangham and his family put in the three south windows in the chancel in memory of Mrs. Wrangham, whose mother, Mrs. Raikes, had given the surplices for the choir. The total cost of the restoration, exclusive of the special gifts, was about £2500, and that the money had been well and wisely laid out was abundantly evident when the parishioners were permitted to see the result. The hideous galleries and their Royal coat-of-arms had gone ; the horse-box pews had been entirely removed and replaced by open benches. The plaster and whitewash had been scraped away—no easy task, for there were layers upon layers of it—and the beautiful twelfth-century stonework revealed. The chancel was cleared of its vicarage pew, fully opened out, and fitted with choir stalls ; the old pulpit was cut down to proper dimensions ; the font was properly placed in the west inner porch. It was a very beautiful and well-appointed church which was revealed on May 14th, 1880, when it was reopened by Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York.

The era of improvement having begun in Darrington continued for many years under Mr. Wrangham, and after his death under the incumbency of his successor, the present vicar, the Reverend Henry Sadgrove Atkinson (M.A., Jesus College, Cambridge, formerly Vicar of Roystone, instituted to Darrington, April 25th, 1892 ; Rural Dean of Pontefract, 1900, Canon of York and Prebendary of Givendale, 1903), who has taken a deep interest in the parish and extended the Church work in a fashion which shows a marvellous contrast to the apathy and dulness still well remembered by even middle-aged parishioners. All manner of helps to parish life have been introduced : various charitable and beneficial works instituted : a general lifting-up of things has made the parish one of the best-conducted and equipped in the Archdiocese of York. Mr. Wrangham himself was

largely instrumental in transforming the old Parson's Dovecot into a Church House; Mrs. Leatham of Wentbridge built a handsome and well-contrived Convalescent Home in memory of her husband, Mr. Edmund Leatham; at various periods a new Schoolmaster's House was built, a new Reading-room established, a new Infants' School set up. The churchyard was enlarged; a handsome Lych-gate erected at its entrance; chapels-of-ease at Stapleton Park, and at Cridling, were founded. The tower of the church was restored, some years after the general restoration; a new bell was added, and dedicated by the Bishop of Beverley in 1895; two more bells were given by Miss Eliza Leckie, of Darrington, and dedicated by Dr. Maclagan, Archbishop of York, in the following year. Later the church was lighted by acetylene gas, and in 1914 the Yorkshire Parish Register Society printed its registers. All these things are, of course, outward and material signs of a revival; the deeper significance of that may be best judged by the parishioners themselves, who for many years have seen the services of their church redeemed from the carelessness and irreverence into which they had been so long plunged.

Mr. Wrangham remained Vicar of Darrington for twelve years after he had successfully carried out the restoration of the church. A man of commanding presence, an excellent organizer, a Churchman of the school of Dean Hook, a singularly able preacher, he exercised a great influence in his parish and left a tradition which will long remain. He was a man of strong character, a born *raconteur*, and possessed of great wit and humour; he had inherited much literary ability, and while he was at Darrington published two works of great value—one a translation of *The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of St. Victor;* the other, a metrical paraphrase of the Psalms, under the title *Lyra Regis*. He died in 1892, and was buried at the east end of the churchyard, beneath the chancel wall, by the side of his wife, who had

predeceased him by a few years. His only son, the Reverend Francis Wrangham, M.A., was some time later curate of Darrington for six years, Rector of Long Newnton in Gloucestershire from September, 1901, to April, 1917, and is now Rector of Hardenhuish in Wiltshire and Rural Dean of Chippenham.

One of the most interesting matters in connection with the modern history of Darrington Church occurred soon after the coming of Canon Atkinson to the parish. Canon Atkinson discovered in the garden wall of a farmstead at Cridling Park a sculptured stone on which was carved a crucifix of undoubted antiquity. This relic, made of friable sandstone, and then badly decaying, he rescued from its unfitting surroundings, and caused to be placed in the east wall of the south aisle of the church. The following account of the crucifix appeared in the Darrington Parish Magazine for January, 1906, and is based upon a description of the relic written by the late Mr. Richard Holmes, the learned antiquary of Pontefract, for the *Journal of the Yorkshire Archæological Society*, vol. xi, 1891 : " The writer considers it [the crucifix] to be unique, as in addition to the ordinary transverse beam on which the arms of Our Saviour are extended, the sculptor has added a second of exactly the same character, also slightly expanded towards the extremities. Without the second beam the Cross would have been a well-proportioned Latin Cross ; without the second beam and all below it we should have had a Greek Cross ; while without the additional four inches, two inches at each extremity of the lower beam, that is, reducing the eleven inches to seven, the size of the upper limb, the whole would form a double cross similar to that of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, of good proportion, and of an exceedingly graceful character. With regard to the representation of the Saviour, the arms are outstretched, though with a slight droop ; the legs are straight, and with the feet separated

(not crossed, as is the case in modern representations) ; there is no apparent support for them, the Body being attached to the Cross by four nails in all (as was usual until about 1250), and not by three, as since that date, and now. The six spaces between the Figure and the two beams contain a simple ball-flower with four petals. The writer considers this unique sculpture as of the date 1180–1220, or about the reign of King Richard I. Had it been earlier there would have been no ball-flower ; had it been much later there would have been only one nail at the foot of the Cross, while both the predominance of the Greek form in the Cross and its similarity to that borne by some of the late Twelfth Century Crusaders point to the probability of the Crusade origin of the design."

Darrington Church, therefore, may safely claim to possess at any rate one English antiquity that is unique—no particulars of any ancient sculpture at all resembling this are known to our antiquaries and archæologists. But the church as it is to-day is full of matters of vast interest to all lovers of the past. Similar turret towers to that on the north side of the Lady Chapel may be seen at one or two other English churches, and notably at that of Bugthorpe in the East Riding, but the stone gallery which is over the entrance to the Lady Chapel is, perhaps, as unique as the twelfth-century crucifix. And in the fourteenth and fifteenth-century glass, happily rescued at the restoration and now in the north window of the chapel, in the two effigies of Warren de Scargill and Clara his wife, in the ogee piscina and the curious trefoil opening close by it, in the ancient misereres, and in the old pulpit, there is a wealth of antiquity not easily equalled even in this county of venerable churches.

OLD BAY HORSE INN AND BRIDGE, WENTBRIDGE

XXXI

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

WHOEVER has watched English rural life with careful attention and sympathy during the last forty years knows that in that time a vast change has come over it. Everything is changed; we are a new people; we are going to be a newer people. Whether we like it or not, the old days are dead. Nothing could be more different, more widely apart than the Darrington life of the 'seventies, and the Darrington life of to-day. There have been many contributory causes to this difference. The revival of Church life, the interesting of the people in Church affairs, the bringing them to see that the Church is really something to them and they to it, has been one great, one deep-reaching cause. The spread of education has been another. There may still be illiterate folk in this parish, but they must be few; what few there are must be very old. The advent of the daily newspaper has been a cause—the days when the labourer got his news of the world from some chance hearing of scraps read out of a beer-stained, fly-blown local sheet, thumbed to thinness at the public-house, are over; for many a year these villagers have been able to get their evening paper as soon as their day's work was done. Increased postal facilities and the setting up of the electric telegraph have made yet another cause—they have brought the outside world nearer. So have railways; so have bicycles. In the old days the young men and young women rarely went anywhere; nowadays

cheap excursion trains and their own bicycles carry them wherever they like to go. The big towns of the West Riding are as familiar to them as their own elm-trees; where not one of their ancestors had seen the sea, or York Minster, or Hull and its docks, scores of them have seen all these things, many of them have seen London itself. They are no longer villagers; they have become citizens of an Empire. And this widening of view, this broadening of experience, has produced excellent results. There has been a vast improvement in manners—here again the chief credit of the lifting-up is due to the revival in Church life. There is far less brutality, far less coarseness, far less drunkenness, a far better standard of morals. The taste for amusements of a semi-brutal sort which was still existent in the Mid-Victorian period is wellnigh extinct; new tastes for arts and crafts, for music, for flower-growing, for cottage-gardening, even for reading, have taken the place of the pleasures which, if not so degrading as badger-baiting and cock-fighting, did little to yield sensible enjoyment.

In spite of the long spell of agricultural depression the rural labourer is better off to-day than at any period of the last four centuries. It would indeed be a strange thing if he were not. No man has been more legislated for than he during the last twenty-six years. He was given the right to vote in 1884—many of us are still old-fashioned enough to think (judging, of course, from our own experience) that he was not anxious to vote, and is not particularly desirous of exercising his privilege nowadays. Laws affecting the education of his children were passed—for his and their benefit—in 1876, 1891, 1902, and 1906. The Local Government Act of 1894 gave him power to assist in the management of his own village through Parish Councils and Parish Meetings. The 63rd and 64th Victoria c. xxii, 1900, extended to him the right to compensation for accidents met with during employment. Acts of Parliament passed in 1876,

in 1893, and in 1899 stopped the further enclosing of land and encroachment on commons. The inspection of cottages by Local Government inspectors was provided for by Acts of Parliament in 1890 and 1909. He was ensured the chance of obtaining a small holding by legislation carried through in 1907 and 1908. And in 1911 a National Insurance Act ensured him medical attendance and an allowance of money during sickness, while the Old Age Pension Act conferred upon him, at a certain age, and under certain conditions, a weekly payment which, if not very liberal in amount, make all the difference in the world to its recipients as regards the division between comfort and poverty.

But the status of the agricultural labourer is, after all, largely affected by the status of the man who employs his labour, and one must consider the position of the farmer and of farming before one can even estimate approximately what the future of agricultural villages like Darrington is going to be. There has not been much legislation in the farmer's interest during the days of his depression. It did him no particular good—financially, at any rate—when the Game Acts of 1880, 1906, and 1908 gave him various privileges in the matter of killing ground game. He was not particularly affected by the Road Acts of 1888 and 1894. The Improvements Acts of 1883 and 1908 were instances of piecemeal legislation. Few farmers have materially benefited by the Tithes Act of 1891, and the Relief of Rates Acts of the same year and of 1901. Nor has the establishment of the Board of Agriculture in 1889 produced the happy results to farmers and farming which its optimistic supporters fancied it would. In spite of everything there is still a heavy handicap on English farming, and although we have at this moment more need than ever at any period of our history of raising as much as we possibly can of our own food, our total production of wheat in 1916 is a million and a half quarters less than it was in 1915, and there is a decrease

in the expanse of land under wheat of nearly two hundred and sixty thousand acres. Nor is this entirely owing—if it is owing at all—to the special conditions under which we now find ourselves.

The very life—not to speak of the prosperity—of a village like Darrington, which has lived by agriculture since the days when the Celts were driven out by the Anglo-Saxons, depends upon farming, and what the future of farming is to be in England in the days which are coming must needs be the subject of deep and anxious thought. Every specialist in agriculture knows well that there must surely be vast changes. Our production of food is no longer at all satisfactory. Of the alternative systems, farmers will henceforth be expected to follow whichever is most to the nation's benefit. No arable farming on a vast scale is in any way possible without a proper labour supply; if there is to be an increase of labour then there will have to be a great development of rural industries which will provide work in winter, together with an extension of small holdings. In the opinion of many experts agriculture in England suffers from our having too large a number of medium-sized farms—what is needed is a new division into larger farms of as much as six hundred acres, and holdings of a quarter of that size. But it may be that we shall see something of co-operation in farming—societies of this nature have already been formed in several counties; one, in Dorsetshire, appears to have already achieved a considerable amount of success. One thing is certain—in the near future, under the new conditions which will arise in a new settlement of world affairs, nothing will be so important to an agricultural country like ours as that its agriculture shall be revived and set upon a firm basis: there is no reason why that basis, why that readjustment, should not be just as much to the interest of those who live by agriculture as it will surely have to be to the interest of the nation.

There is another thing that is also certain—perhaps the most certain thing which we of this age have ever known. Whatever may come to our old acres, our ancient villages, let no man doubt that the English qualities of courage, of determination, of endeavour, of resolute will to be and to do, are strong and unassailable as ever. We have proved that. From this village of Darrington, as from many another English village, men went willingly to fight for England when the hour of England's need of them arrived. Nothing could have been further from the thoughts of these men than that they should ever bear arms—but they made no delay in exchanging the stilts of the plough for the rifle and the bayonet. They had heard the call, and had responded and gone, long before there was any talk of compulsion in the land. Many of them will never come back. Those who return will bring new thoughts, new conceptions of life and the world with them. And round them a new England will rise—but it will still be the England whose acres we have tilled during all these long, slow centuries, in whose service our fathers lived, for whose honour in this day our sons have died.

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England—
Take and break us : we are yours
England, my own !
Life is good, and joys run high
Between English earth and sky ;
Death is death, but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown !

NOTES

The Pre-Conquest Owners of Darrington.

Mr. A. S. Ellis's *Biographical Notes of the Yorkshire Tenants*, named in *Domesday Book*, contains some interesting information about Baret and Alsi. In addition to the manors mentioned in the text, Baret is here said to have held others at Hensall, Huggate, and Whixley; also at Coleby in Lincolnshire, which was given at the Norman Conquest to Erneis de Burun, an ancestor of the Byrons. Alsi also appears to have been a considerable landowner: in addition to his Darrington manor—or part of it—he had land at Campsall and Shafton, and at the time of the Conquest he held two manors at Darfield. He also had two valuable manors at Brodsworth and Kimberworth, which were given by William the Conqueror to Roger de Busli. If the Elsi who is mentioned in *Domesday Book* is the same person as the Alsi, his possessions were still more considerable, and extended over a large part of this district, and into the adjoining county of Nottinghamshire.

De Lacy

In the various early writings associated with Pontefract the name of its Norman lords is variously spelt. In the charters of the Cluniac House of St. John at Pontefract, it appears as Lacey, Lascy, Lascey, and Lasci. The late Mr. Holmes, probably basing his use on the fact that the family originally sprang from Lassi, or Lassy, in La Calvados, spells the name de Lascy in his last and most important work, *The Chartulary of St. John of Pontefract*, but he used the form de Lacy in his earlier publications, and that form has been adopted here because it is most familiar to readers, and is generally found in all historical works.

Names of Pontefract before the Norman Conquest

There has been much controversy about the pre-Norman name of Pontefract—just as much as there was at one time about the correct spelling of the accepted name: the late Mr. Richard Holmes, in one of his books on the town, brings forward no less than thirty-nine variations—four in Latin, thirty-five in English. Some writers claim that before the Norman Conquest Pontefract was called Kirkby; others that it was Tateshale; others that it was undoubtedly Taddenesscylf. In the MS. of Symeon of Durham is a marginal note which reads: "Taddenesscylf erat tunc villa regia quæ nunc vocatur Puntfraite Romane, Anglice vero Kirkebi." But Taddenesscylf was undoubtedly Tanshelf, the part of the town to the west, furthest from the Castle, which still bears that name. This was probably at one time shortened to Tateshale, and the name applied to the town which spread eastward to the great promontory on which the Castle was eventually built. When the town was divided at the Conquest, Tateshale was confined to what is now Tanshelf, and the new name Pontefract came into being. According to Mr. Holmes there is no evidence whatever that the town was ever called Kirkby—at any rate, as a name that obtained for any lengthy period. But the same learned authority gives the name to a hamlet which sprang up around the Priory of St. John, which stood near the present Monkhill station. It would be of great interest if some competent authority would tell us if there is any connection between Tateshale and *Tate*—which was the other name of Æthelburh, sister of the Kentish king Eadbald, who was married to Eadwine, king of Northumbria, at York, in 625,

Carfax at Darrington

In a charter made about 1200 by William, son of Walter, the Chaplain of Darrington, in which he gives a toft at Darrington to the Priory of St. John at Pontefract, there is mention of an intersection of roads at Darrington, then called Carfax—"apud Quarefurs." Mr. Holmes considered this to have been at the point where the road from Pontefract to Darrington is joined as regards one side by West Field Lane, as regards the other by Marl Pit Lane; that is, close by the carpenter's shop and yard,

so long in the occupancy of the Laveracks. He does not suggest, however, what seems very obvious—that Marl Pit Lane and West Field Lane make a continuous track across country in an almost straight line from Pontefract Castle to Wentbridge. There are few instances known in England of an intersection of roads being called Carfax, but in France almost every such intersection has the French equivalent—carrefour. Two well-known English instances, however, will at once occur—the famous Carfax in Oxford, and the less celebrated Carfax at Horsham in Sussex.

Stapleton Chapel

There seems no doubt whatever that the Chapel of Stapleton—consecrated by Archbishop Thurstan, *circa* 1130–1140, and mentioned in the Woolley Charter—was not the Lady, or Stapleton, or Scargill chapel in Darrington Church, as has often been supposed, *but* a chapel at Stapleton itself. The late Mr. Holmes came to this conclusion by a collation of Charter 40 with Charter 223 in the papers of St. John of Pontefract. "It is evident," he says, in a note to Charter 222, "that the chapel at Stapleton was an independent foundation, and separate from the Mother Church [of Darrington]. But all trace or tradition of it has long perished." So, too, has all trace of the ancient village of Stapleton. The probability is, that that village stood somewhere about where the road to Kirk Smeaton branches off from the Darrington-Womersley road, and that the original manor-house was not on the site of the present Hall, but on the high ground above it.

Connection of Darrington with Kirkstall Abbey

In the Coucher Book of the Cistercian Abbey of Kirkstall, printed from the original preserved in the Public Record Office by the Thoresby Society (vol. viii of its publications), there are several references to the parish of Darrington. It may be of interest to tabulate them here—the references in figures are to the pages in the volume just mentioned. (34)—Plea between the Abbot of Kirkstall and John, son of Thomas Jowett, and others, as to services due in respect of property at Darrington. (53–54)—Confirmation by Roger de Lacy, Constable of Chester, of one acre of land next to the bridge at Wentbridge. (113)—

Confirmation by Robert de Lacy of land in Wentbridge. (145)—Plea between the Abbot of Kirkstall and William, son of Roger Bokil, respecting the service due from a holding in Darrington. (151)—Grant of land in Darrington by Noel. (152)—Grant of land in Darrington by William Fitz Gerald. (153)—Grant of five acres of land in Stapleton by Haimeric de Stapleton. (154)—Confirmation by Richard, son of Alan Noel, of two bovates of land in Darrington. (155)—Confirmation by Robert de Stapleton of his father's grant of land in Stapleton. (155)—Grant of land and pasture in Stapleton by William de Stapleton.

Darrington and the Priory of St. John at Pontefract

After the beheading of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, at Pontefract in March, 1321–2, a strong attempt was made to procure his canonization, in which both King Edward III of England, and Queen Isabella of Spain, personally joined. No response came from the Pope, and the process of canonization did not mature. But there was great local belief in Thomas's sanctity, and miracles were said to be wrought at his tomb at the Priory of St. John at Pontefract. A chapel was built on the site of his execution, and the licence to say mass in it was granted at Darrington by Archbishop Zouche, on October 19th, 1343—the Archbishop evidently being on that date in visitation of the parish. The connection between Darrington and the Priory of St. John at Pontefract was close and long. In the late Mr. Richard Holmes's careful and scholarly printing of the Chartulary of St. John of Pontefract, which fills two volumes of the invaluable Record Series of the Yorkshire Archæological Society, there are quite one hundred references to Darrington, Stapleton, and Wentbridge—most of them relating to grants of land to the Priory.

Wentbridge

Wentbridge, though now in the ecclesiastical parish of Darrington, has never at any time been a separate manor, township, or constabulary. Three different manors meet in it : Darrington comes up to the north bank of the river Went ; Kirk Smeaton is in the segment formed by the Great North Road and the south bank of the river up to the bridge ; Thorp Audlin takes the other segment formed by the Great North Road and the

south bank of the river from the bridge going westward. But about the thirteenth century, when the de Lacys held it, it was certainly treated as a separate entity in their charters, though it had probably been portioned out amongst the three manors just referred to before their time. In a curious map of what he calls the Humber district, drawn by himself for his Itinerary, Leland includes *Wentebrig*, marking it as (with the exception of *Ponfract*) the only place of importance in the district.

Connection of Wentbridge and Stapleton with Kirkstall Abbey

There are references to various grants of land in this parish to Kirkstall Abbey in the books and chartularies of that foundation. Richard, son of Alan Noel of Smeaton, gave to the monks of Kirkstall two bovates of land in Darrington. Henry de Stapleton gave to the monastery at Kirkstall six acres of land in Stapleton, in the ploughland " which is called Wulpuitedale." Robert de Lacy gave to the monks of Kirkstall one carucate of land with its appurtenances in Wentbridge. The Stapleton grant does not appear to have been part of Kirkstall Abbey's possessions at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries: it is not mentioned by Burton, at any rate, in his *Monasticon*.

Grants of Land at Wentbridge to Nostell Priory

In the Coucher Book of Nostell Priory there are two grants of land on Went Hill.

" Fo. 23.—Know p'st and to come that I Eudo de Longvillers have given, etc. to the Church of St. Oswald for the soule of Agnes my wife (daughter of Hernem de Reinvile) and my son Alan, six acres of land in Wenteshill, viz. 4 acres which Roger sonne of William held with a messuage situate in the said Lands and allso 2 acres at the end of the foresaid 4 acres between the lands of Richard Stavard in free, pure, and perpetual Almes, etc."

" Fo. 62.—To all the sonnes of the holy mother ye Church as well p^{r}sent as to come, Herni de Renilla greeting. Know ye that I have given and by this my p^{r}sent charter confirmed to God and St. Oswald and the Canons serving there, for ye health of my

soule, and of my wife, and of my sonnes and daughters, and of my Ancestors, ppetuall and pure Almes, the rent which Robert sonne of Asketillus de Badewrd was wont to pay to me for his land [on Went Hill] viz 22d. which the said Robert shall pay to them yearly at the feast of St. Martin, or whosoever shall hold the said Land. And if it happen that they do not pay it, I and my heires will pay the said Rent at the foresaid terme."

Grant of Land at Wentbridge to Bolton Priory

In the Chartulary of Bolton Priory are two entries referring to land at Wentbridge which came into possession of the Augustinians of Bolton.

" Fo. 162.—Know p^{r}sent and to come y^{t} I William sonne of Adelinus steward of ye Lord the King have given, granted, and by this my p^{r}sent Charter confirmed to Durand sonne of Drew my servant all my Land with y^{e} Appurtenances w^{ch} I had at Wentbrig, etc., and 3 bovates in the towne of Thorp, with y^{e} Appurtenances, viz. y^{t} bovate wch Robert sonne of William held of me at Thomasgate. And 2 bovates of Land of my demesne, which Thomas, sonne of Ankelinus held of me. And 3 acres of Land wth a messuage wch I purchased, which I held of the Hospitall of Jerusalem of the fee of Smytheton [Smeaton]. And besydes these I have granted to the foresaid Durand his own demesne free from multure in my mills of Thorne for his homage and service and his own ten markes which the foresaid Durand gave me at my journey from Jerusalem. All these tenements the foresaid Durand shall hold of me and my heires in fee and Inheritance, freely and quietly, etc., in meadows, feedings, path and ways, and all other liberties and easements, paying to me and my heires yearly 12d. (viz.) at the feast of St. Michael for all services, etc. Wittnesse Ralfe my sonne. Walter Alemann John his brother, Hugh de Pouelington, Nicholas p'son of Tickhill, Jno Clerke, Henry de St. Paule, John Sturmin, Geffrey de Schildewyke and many others."

" Fo. 162.—To all the faithfull in Christ, etc. John de Curtheny greeting. Know ye that I have given etc. to ye Church of Bolton, etc. one Bovate of Land and a halfe, with ye appurtenanes in Wentbrig (viz.) which Durandus formerly held. Wittnesse, Osbert de Arches, Thomas de St. Paule, etc."

Wentbridge Entry in the Knaresborough Wills

The following entry occurs in the *Knaresborough Wills* printed by the Surtees Society, vol. ii, p. 142 :—

" The tuition of Charles Leeming. Membrane 11. May 11. 12 Charles I. Thomas Mawson of Wentbridge, saddletremaker, is admitted as guardian of Charles, the son of Henry Lemeing, of Beckwith, deceased."

Building of the Parish Churches

Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson, M.A., F.S.A., in his book on *The Historical Growth of the English Parish Church* says, as regards the actual building, " the builders were generally, it may be assumed, local masons. . . . The splendid development of many twelfth-century parish churches is no argument against their local origin. Architectural enthusiasm in the Middle Ages was a possession of the people generally : it was not confined to a limited and privileged body. The large monastery or cathedral churches in every neighbourhood were sources of inspiration. . . . Here and there, perhaps, a mason who had taken part in the building of one of the greater churches, would be called into consultation for the design of a parish church. . . . In the Middle Ages the builder was not a mere instrument to carry out the designs of an architect. He himself, the master mason of the work, was the architect. His training lay, not in the draughtsmanship of an architect's office, but in practical working with mallet and chisel. Thus, during at any rate the earlier part of the Middle Ages, design was in no small degree a matter of instinct. Architecture was a popular, democratic art, in which the instinctive faculties became trained to a high pitch."

Institution of Roger de Corby, Vicar

There is a peculiar interest attaching to this institution : it is the only one relating to Darrington noted by the compiler of the *Harleian MS.* He extracted it from the Register of Archbishop Melton : " The King p'sents to the vicariage of Darthington 11 of the Kal of November 1326." The King, Edward II, here exercised the right usually held by the Prior and Convent of

St. John at Pontefract: Edward III exercised the same right again in 1349 on the institution of John Tourge.

Darrington and Stapleton in the Fourteenth Century

Some notion of the population of the parish and of the names of the people living in it towards the close of the fourteenth century may be gained from the return of the Poll Tax of 1378. 76 persons were assessed in Darrington; 74 of them paid 4d. each; two, William Treshar (whose wife was Agnes), described as a smith, and John Marr (whose wife was Lucy), described as a tailor, paid 6d. each. The total amount paid by Darrington was £1 5s. 9d. In Stapleton 29 people were assessed. John Thwayte, mason, William Ingramson, smith, Robert Edmundson, tailor, John de Gateford, walker (=a fuller), Agnes de Scargill, and Richard Taylour, webster, with William de Meare and Agnes his wife, also tailors, paid 6d. each; the others paid 4d. each, the total sum received being 10s. 10d. Many of the names are those found in the two townships at present—Chambers, Hobson, Hill, Lister, Shepherd, Addy. Some are peculiar to the time—Robertdoughter, Roudoughter, Swynherd, John at Oghen, Dobdoughter, Robert at Brigge (Wentbridge), and their origin is obvious.

Richard Douke, Vicar of Darrington

The Badsworth Records contain the following entry, dated June 9th, 1393:—

"Grant by Alan Percole, tailor, to Richard Douk Vicar of the Church of Derthyngton, and to William del Mare of Stapleton of a cottage in Wentbrig in Kirksmeton, rendering therefore yearly to the lord of that fee a rose on the feast of St. John the Baptist."

Maunsell, or Mansell, of Cridling

There is mention of this family in a grant made by Henry IV, wherein it is set forth that whereas his father, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (to whom he curiously refers as 'Our father the King'), lately granted to Agnes, late wife of Thomas Maunsell, the site of the manor of Cridling for the term of her life, the king doth now confirm the said gift.

The Frobishers and Shackletons

Frobisher, the last of the pre-Reformation vicars of Darrington, followed the example of Archbishop Holgate and took to himself a wife. So did several other clergy in this part of the Archdiocese: notably Frobisher's neighbours, the vicars of Fryston, Smeaton, Ackworth, and South Kirkby. When Queen Mary came to the throne, Frobisher, like most clergy in his case, resigned the living. But he seems to have remained in Darrington as a private resident, for there are entries concerning him and his family in the parish register, and he and his wife Isabella died and were buried at Darrington, within a few days of each other, in July, 1588. Between Anthony Frobisher and certain events of the present day there is a very curious and equally interesting connection. According to the Hopkinson MS. pedigrees, preserved at the Leeds Public Reference Library, Anthony Frobisher, Vicar of Darrington, was the uncle of Sir Martin Frobisher, the famous Elizabethan seaman and explorer, who was born at Altofts, near Wakefield, in 1535. Anthony Frobisher's eldest daughter, Catharine, married, December 17th, 1588, Henry, son of one Michael Shackleton, of Darrington. These Shackletons had apparently lived in the parish for some time previous to the institution of the Registers; in the Registers there are many entries relating to them during successive generations. From the marriage of Henry Shackleton and Catharine Frobisher sprang the numerous branches of the family which were subsequently established at Darrington, Pontefract, Womersley, Stubbs Walden, and Knottingley, and are now settled in these and other parts of Yorkshire. And to one of their branches—in all of which the Frobisher blood still runs, though now far off from its source—belongs the famous Arctic explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who is thus allied with the great navigator of the sixteenth century.

Whitewashing of the Inner Walls of Churches

It must not be supposed that the whitewashing or colour-washing of the interior walls of our old parish churches was a purely post-Reformation procedure. The matter of objection against the destroyers who carried out the spoliation of the churches in the sixteenth century is that they covered with

whitewash the old frescoes and mural ornamentations as being Popish. But there was plenty of whitewash in the Pre-Reformation days. "The whitewashing of large surfaces of inner walling," says Dr. Cox, in his book *The English Parish Church*, "especially where too vast to admit of design or figure painting, was of general and continuous adoption. Eddius tells us how St. Wilfrid, when restoring York's ruined Minster, washed the walls whiter than snow. Five hundred years later Paul of Caen did the like at St. Albans. Instances could readily be cited of each intervening century, from the white-liming of the Norman quire of Peterborough in the twelfth century down to the latest sacristy rolls of the sixteenth century." But that the sixteenth century vandals did certainly cover up the beautiful old wall paintings with whitewash is proved by the frequent discovery of such paintings under successive coats of wash—white or coloured.

The Lady Chapel at Darrington

The following is the certificate relating to this foundation, which was given by the Commissioners appointed to survey the Chantries, Guilds, and Hospitals in the County of York at the time of the Reformation. It will be observed that the Commissioners attribute the foundation to Thomas Maunsell, but add that no evidence in writing of that was produced to them. This looks as if the parish authorities of Darrington at that period were in ignorance of the fact that the Lady Chapel was founded by Warren de Scargill. It will also be observed that the name of the incumbent is given as Thomas Haukesworth: he, of course, was the last Chantry priest of Darrington. His duties are set forth in the first clause of this certificate—he was to say mass for the soul of the Founder and for all Christian souls whose deaths should be reported to him by the curate of the parish church. How came it that the soul of the original founder, Warren de Scargill, had been forgotten at this time?

"The Chauntrie of our Lady in the Paroch Church of Daryngtonne. Thomas Hawksworth, pr'est, incumbent. The same is of the ordinaunce of Thomas Maunsell, whereof they shewe no wrytinge. The said incumbent shulde pray for the sowle of the founder and all Cristen sowles, by the reporte of the curate of the same church and other parocheners ther. The same is within

the saide paroche chirche. Goods vijs. vjd. Plate, *nil.* First, one cloise, iiij acres of lande and half one Kowegate, in the tenure of Piggill of Darynton, iiijs. iiijd.; one ten. in Wymersley, called Gressinge landes, with one springe of woode, called Conycrofte, in the tenure of Nicholas Marten xxxijs. vjd.; one ten. with th' appurtenances in Whitley, late in the tenure of George Hogeson, xxxvjs. vijd.; one messuage with th'appurtenances in Haughwoode, in the tenure of Willyam Adam xxvjs.; ij closes, called Abbot Feyldes, with certain landes in Pudding Crofte in the Parochinge of Camsall; certain landes in the Parochinge of Sandall, and j cloise in the Parochinge of Bramwith, contenynge ij acres, in the tenure of John Adam, xvs. viijd.; a rent of xjs. paid by Roberte Fryston, furth of Altoftes; a rent of iijs. paid by White, going furth of Altoftes, and a rent of iijd. of Thomas Nalson of Normanton. Sum of the rentall vjli. ixs. iiijd. whereof: Paiable to the King's Majestie yerlie for the tenth x.s. vijd. *ob. q.*; to the King's Majestie furth of the landes in Whitley xvd.; to Mr. Dawney furth of the same xijd.; to Mr. Malivrey, xijd.; to Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, th'elder, furth of the landes in Camsall viijs. xd.; furth of the same landes to Brampwith Church vjd.; to the said Sir William Gascoigne furth of the landes in Wymersley vs. xd. Sum of the allowance xxxs. *ob. q.* And so remanyth iiij li. xixs. iijd."

Church Plate

It will be observed that when the enquiry into the possessions of the Lady Chapel of Darrington Church was made, the chantry possessed no plate of its own. The priest, probably, borrowed chalice and paten from the vicar whenever he celebrated. Of the pre-Reformation plate of Darrington there is no record whatever: the church possesses nothing older than the plate given by Mrs. Dupier. But in the whole of Yorkshire, with its hundreds of parish churches, there is scarcely any really old plate. There is not a single communion vessel in the county of the time of the sixth Edward, though there is a large collection of Elizabethan plate. Of pre-Reformation plate there is nothing but six chalices. Three of these, ranging in date from 1250 to 1340, are at York Minster, and were all taken from the coffins of former Archbishops. There is also one at Beswick, another at Hinderwell, a third at Goathland. The Goathland chalice is probably

the oldest vessel in use in England: it appears to date from very early in the fifteenth century.

Treatment of the Poor in the Seventeenth Century

One of the best examples extant of the lives of poor folk in the villages in the seventeenth century is afforded by the following extract from the West Riding Sessions Rolls:—

"*Doncaster*, decimo die Octobris Anno regni Regis Caroli xiiii (1638). *Coram.*—Sir Thomas Wentworth, Knt., Sir Edward Roades, Knt., Thos. Jopsen, Esq., Wm. West, Esq., and Robt. Rockley, Esq.

Darrington.—Edward Smith, of Darrington, a verie poore man, complayned and petitioned unto this Court that he hath lived a longe tyme in a poor cottage and now is threatened to be putt out and to lye out of doores this winter, there to wander and become vagrant, and soe for want to steale and pilfer, contrarie to Lawe and to be starved, unless some course be further taken by this Court. Now for as much as it appeared to this Court that said Edward Smith is aged and poore and that there is just cause to contynue the said Smith in the said cottage . . . *ordered* that he shall remayne and contynue if the owner thereof will consent; If not, then Churchwardens and Overseers are to provide for him with consent of the Lord of the Mannour or such other person as shall permitt A Cottage to be built uppon his owne land for that purpose."

Highway Life in the Seventeenth Century

An order made at the West Riding Sessions, held at Rotherham on the 9th July, 1638, throws an interesting sidelight on certain matters relating to the highway life of that day. It restrains the selling of ale and beer to passengers and travellers on the high roade between Doncaster and Wentbridge, because of "the danger of infecting the inhabitants there with the contagion of the plague now in this dangerous tyme of sickness and visitation because they [the ale and beer sellers] enterteyne and discourse with all manner of passengers and travellers, wanderers, and idle beggars."

The Affairs of Dorothy Whitehead

That the Dorothy Whitehead to whom the Justices ordered twelve pence a week towards the keeping of herself and three children had some strange experiences about this time appears from the following extract from the West Riding Sessions Rolls:—

"Rotherham. *xvi Die Julii Anno xv Caroli Regis. Coram.* Sir Fras. Wortley, Knt. and Bart., Sir George Wentworth and Sir Edw. Rodes, Knts., John Reresbye, Thos. Jobson, Robt. Rockley, William West, and John Mauliverer, Esquires.

"Mayor's Prison, Pontefract.—Dorothye Whitehead, wife of Deepinge Whitehead, late of Darrington, who is nowe prisoner at Pontefract, in the Mayor's prison there, informed this Court that she having the Wardshipp of her sonne, who had an estate of lands in Darrington, and wherein she claymes her Dowrye after the death of Thomas Sothabye, her former husband, longe since deceased, hath contynued in possession of some parte of that Landes by the space of eight weekes last past, but nowe is threatened to be removed and putt out of that towne against all Equitie, consideringe the interest she hath in that Landes—*ordered* that she be settled and remayne in Darrington."

Charles Procter, Vicar of Darrington, 1666–1670.

In a work, entitled: *A Register of Burials in York Minster, accompanied by Monumental Inscriptions, and Illustrated, with Biographical Notices by Robert H. Skaife,* there are some particulars of this seventeenth century vicar. He is stated to have been ordained in May, 1635, by the Bishop of Ely; his ordination to the diaconate and the priesthood taking place on the same day. He had taken his degree of S.T.B. (Bachelor of Divinity) before being instituted to the vicarage of Darrington in 1666. He held the living until his death. The entry of his burial is in the parish register of St. Martin-le-Belfry, York: "Mr. Charles Procter, ye minister of Darrington, was buried ye 27th of September, 1670, in ye Minster." Skaife says that he was probably of the same family as Thomas Procter, verger, and Nicholas Procter, clerk of the vestry, both interred in York Minster.

George de Smeth Kelly, Vicar of Darrington, 1791–1815

There are several particulars of this vicar in Skaife's work on the burials in York Minster. George de Smeth (or as it is sometimes spelt, Desmith) Kelly, M.A., was licensed to serve the cure of Doncaster, July, 1786. In November, 1788, he was collated to the stall of Normanton at Southwell. In January, 1789, he was instituted to the vicarage of Featherstone, co. York, which he held until his death. In January, 1791, he was instituted to the vicarage of Darrington, which he ceded in 1815. In July, 1801, he was collated to the stall of Botevant at York; he resigned it in the following year. In April, 1802, he was instituted to the vicarage of Ampleforth, and collated to that of Silkstone in June, 1804. His monument in York Minster refers to him as Canon Residentiary of this Cathedral, and from the entry of his burial he appears to have lived in Stonegate. A comparison of the dates of his various institutions and collations will show that he was one of the many pluralists of his time.

Grove Hall

Grove Hall, in the parish of Darrington, long the residence of the well-known family of Lee, has only been so called in modern times. It derives its name from the Greave Field, an expanse of land, partly in Pontefract, partly in Ferrybridge, partly in Darrington, which formed the estate of the Greave, or Sheriff. He had his house in the centre of this estate, probably on or near the site of the present Grove Hall, which was called Greave Hall, according to the late Mr. Holmes, until some ninety years ago. But it may be noted in this respect that it was called Grove Hall in the Darrington registers as far back as 1797. On February 27 of that year William Kitson, Groom of the Stables at Grove (*sic*) Hall, was married to Mary Hargreave at Darrington Church by Mr. Faber, curate.

Riding the Stang

Attempts to put down this ancient North country custom, which was closely akin to the Skimmington riding of the southern parts of England, were in evidence at the end of the eighteenth

century. It was reported in the *Newcastle-upon-Tyne Courant* of August 3rd, 1793, that at the Assizes held at Durham in the preceding week, "Thomas Jameson, Matthew Marrington, Geo. Ball, Jos. Rowntree, Simon Emmerson, Robert Parkin, and Francis Wardell, for violently assaulting Nicholas Lowes, of Bishop Wearmouth, and carrying him on a Stang, were sentenced to be imprisoned two years in Durham Gaol, and find sureties for their good behaviour for three years." But stang-riding went on in Yorkshire for a good eighty years after that. In a work on *The Customs of Yorkshire*, published in 1814, there is a plate representing a stang-riding, and the letterpress says, that the practice was "intended to expose and ridicule any violent quarrel between man and wife, and more particularly in instances where the pusillanimous husband has suffered himself to be beaten by his virago of a partner." There may be people still living in Darrington who will remember that on the last occasion on which stang-riding took place there, about 1875, the revival of the old custom was due to a beating given by a well-known Darrington woman to her much too amiable spouse.

Books relating to Parish Life

Students of the history of English village life will find the following works of great value from many standpoints:— Baring-Gould's *Old Country Life*, Bowley's *Wages in the United Kingdom in the Nineteenth Century*, Brand's *Antiquities*, Chadwick's *Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions*, Cox's *The English Parish Church*, Cox's *Parish Registers of England*, Cunningham's *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, Cutts's *Parish Priests and their People in the Middle Ages*, Davenport's *Economic Development of a Norfolk Manor*, Ditchfield's *Vanishing England*, Ditchfield's *The Old-Time Parson*, Ditchfield's *The Old English Country Squire*, Fallow's *Old Yorkshire*, Fordham's *Short History of English Rural Life*, Cardinal Gasquet's *Parish Life in Mediæval England*, Green's *Short History of the English People*, Hone's *Manors and Manorial Records*, Jessopp's *Before the Great Pillage*, Jessopp's *The Coming of the Friars*, Kennedy's *Parish Life under Elizabeth*, Percy's *Northumberland Household Book*, Oman's *Great Revolt of* 1381, Price's *County of the White Rose*, Prothero's *Select Statutes*, Rogers's *History of Agriculture and Prices in England*, Rogers's *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, Tickner's

Social and Industrial History of England, Thompson's *Historical Growth of the English Parish Church*, Thompson's *Ground Plan of the English Parish Church*, Snell's *Customs of Old England*, Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, Vinogradoff's *Villeinage in England*, and Webb's *English Local Government*.

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